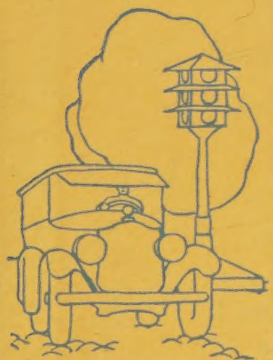
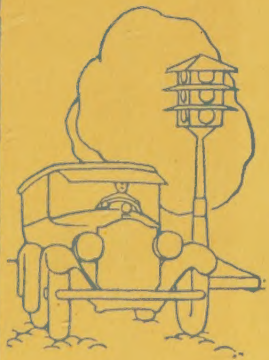
NEW STORIES

FRANKLIN SCHOOL





NEW STORIES

(Community Life)

A SECOND READER

(REVISED)

The Child's Own Way Series

BY

MARJORIE HARDY

Primary Teacher

University of Chicago Elementary School

Stories by

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Chicago

WHEELER PUBLISHING COMPANY

1928

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The Letter

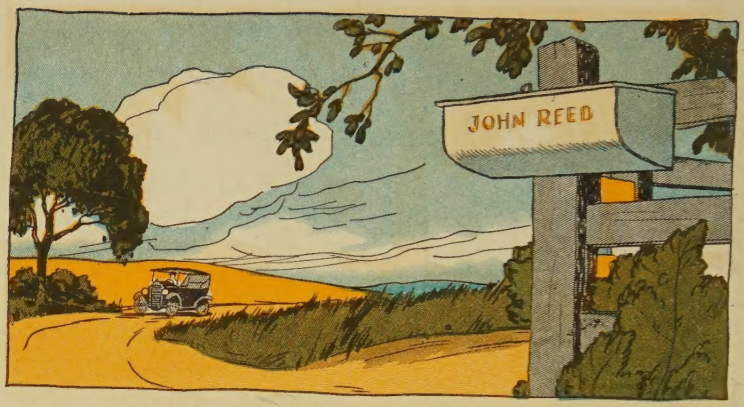
Once there was a little boy who lived on a farm. This boy's name was Tom Reed. His father's name was John Reed. His big brother's name was John Reed, too.

One morning Tom's mother was very busy in the kitchen. She was making jam of the berries Tom had picked that morning.

Tom's big brother, John, was out in the field. He was helping his father cut hay. The hay had to dry in the sun. When the hay was dry enough, they would pile it on a big wagon. Then they would haul it into the barn.

The next farm was almost a mile away. The children who lived there had gone away on a visit. There was no one for Tom to play with.

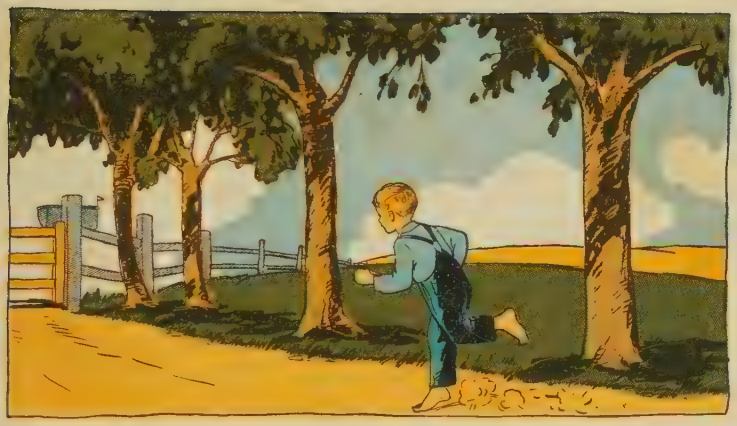
Poor little Tom was looking out of



the window. He had read all his books and done all his work. There was nothing for him to do but look out of the window.

Just then Peter Popper, the Postman, came down the road. He came in his automobile. The boys called the Postman "Pop." They called him Pop because they liked him. The Postman liked the boys, too.

The Postman dropped a letter into the mail box. The mail box was on the gate-



post. The name "John Reed" was painted on the mail box. The name was painted in yellow letters.

Peter Popper dropped the letter into the mail box. Then he went down the road in his automobile.

Then Tom called out, "Oh, Mother, Pop left a letter for you in the mail box. May I get it?"

Mother told Tom to get the letter. Then Tom raced down the lane. His feet made the dust fly up in little puffs.

Tom was too little to reach the mail box. But he climbed up on the fence, and got the letter. Then he ran back to the house as fast as he could. He gave the letter to his mother.

His mother looked at the letter. Then she laughed. She said, "This letter is not for me. Did you look at it?"

"No, I did not look at it," said Tom.

Then his mother gave the letter back to him. On the envelope he read:

Master Tom Reed

Salem

R. F. D. No. 9 Illinois

"It is for me! Who has sent me a letter?" said Tom.

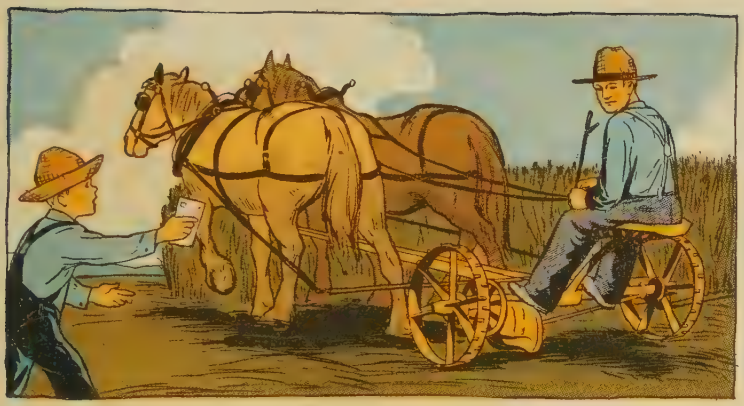
"I know a good way to find out. Why don't you open it and read it?" Mother said, laughing again. Tom laughed, too. It was the very first letter that had ever

come for him. He opened it. He read it to his mother. This is what it said:
Dear Tom,

I should like to have you visit us for a week. Ted wants you to come. Your uncle wants you to come. You and Ted will have a fine time together. I hope your father and mother will let you come next Tuesday. We will meet you at the station.

With much love,

Aunt Mary



Asking Father

"Oh, Mother, please let me go," said Tom. "It would be so much fun."

"We must talk it over with Father," said Mother.

"Then I'm going to find him right away," said Tom. And away Tom ran to the hayfield as fast as he could go. He ran so fast he was nearly out of breath.

Tom found his father in the hayfield. His father was driving a machine. It was a machine that cut the tall grass.

"Oh, Father, may I go to visit Ted?" said Tom.

"Whoa!" said Father.

The horses stopped. They were glad to rest. "Now, what did you say?" asked Father, smiling at Tom.

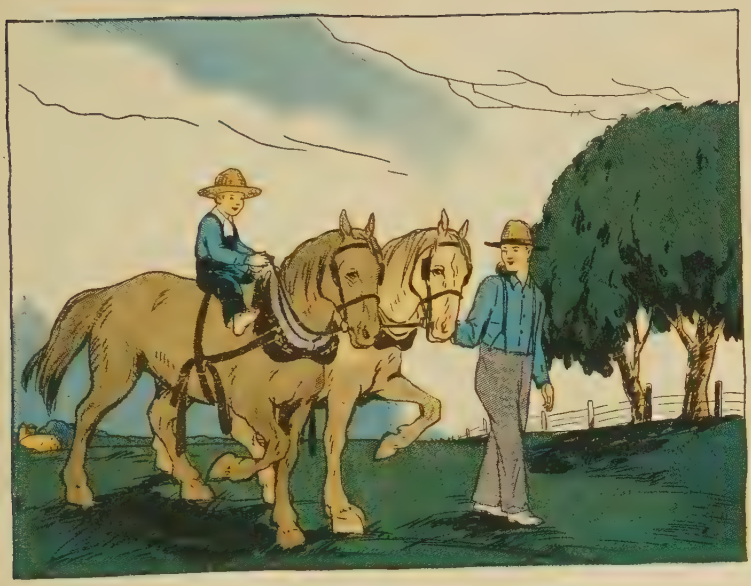
Tom told him all about the letter from Aunt Mary.

"Aunt Mary wants me to visit her. It would be great fun," said Tom. "I have never been in a big city. Please let me go! I'm old enough to travel."

Father smiled at Tom. Then he said, "We must talk it over with Mother."

"Then please come and talk it over with her now," said Tom. "I want to know whether I can go."

Father looked at his watch. Then he said, "Very well. It's time to stop work. Do you want to ride Brownie to the barn?"



Tom loved to ride Brownie.

Father unhitched the horses. He helped Tom to get up onto Brownie's back. Then they went slowly across the field.

Father let the horses take a long cool drink in the barnyard. He put them into their stalls in the barn. Then he took off their harness and gave them some hay to eat.

A Surprise

A big dog came running up to the little boy at the barn. He almost knocked Tom down. The dog put his paws on Tom's shoulders. He tried his best to talk to him.

Tom threw his arms around the dog's neck, and began to cry. "Oh, Father, Scotty has come home!" he cried. "I'm so glad. I thought he was lost for good."

"Look at this," said Father. "There is

a rope around poor Scotty's neck. It is tied so tight it almost chokes him." Scotty had a great shaggy mane. It was like a lion's mane. The rope was buried in it.

Father got out his knife and cut the rope. He tried not to hurt Scotty. When the rope was off, Scotty looked at Father with thankful eyes. Scotty shook himself. He was glad to have the rope off his neck.

"I think someone stole Scotty, and tied him up," said Tom. "How did you get away? Good old Scotty! I am so glad to have you home again."

Scotty was Tom's own dog. Scotty had been given to Tom when he was a little puppy. He was so little that he wabbled when he walked. But Scotty was now two years old, and was strong enough to pull a little wagon. Scotty loved Tom very much. And Tom loved Scotty very much.

"Come on, Scotty," Tom called. "We will go to see Mother." Then Tom and Scotty raced to the house. Father and big brother, John, followed them to the house. When Mother saw Scotty, she hugged him. Scotty had been gone a week.

"Are you hungry, Scotty?" asked Mother.

Mother gave him a plate of food. He ate it as if he were starving.

Father felt Scotty's ribs. Then he said, "Shake hands, Scotty. Let me see your paw."

Scotty put up his paw, and Father looked at it. Then he looked at Scotty's other three paws. "He must have come a long way," said Father. "His paws are all torn and sore. I wonder how he ever found his way home."

Dogs cannot talk. Scotty could not tell them where he had been. He could

not tell what had happened to him. But he smiled a very wide smile. His eyes were as bright as stars. His tail began to wag, wag, wag. He was very happy to be at home again.

Mother gave Scotty's paws a bath in warm water. She bound them up. Then poor, tired Scotty lay down on his cushion, and fell fast asleep.

Tom's Letter—Part I

Scotty's coming back made the family forget all about Aunt Mary's letter. After dinner Tom began to read a book. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and shouted, "Will you tell me now whether I may go to visit Ted?"

Mother read Aunt Mary's letter to Father. Then they talked about it. They

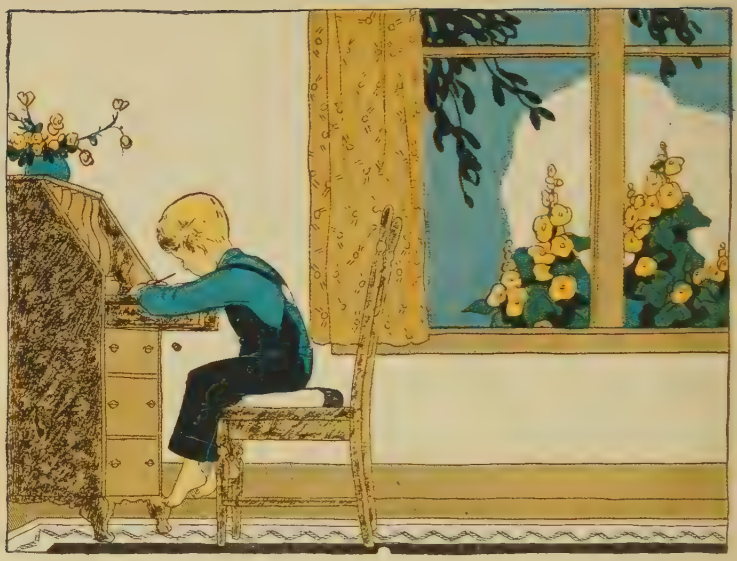
talked about it a long time. Tom could hardly wait for them to decide.

At last Mother said, "Come over here, Tom." Tom came over and stood beside her. Then he sat on the arm of her chair. He put his arm around her neck, and said, "Are you going to let me go?"

"Are you sure you want to go?" Mother asked him. "Do you think you can take that long trip alone?"

"Of course I can," Tom said. "I want to go more than I want anything else in the world." He did not say anything more for a minute. Then he said, "I love you all and I don't want to go *away* from you; but I *do* want to visit Ted, and see a big city."

"Then you may write to Aunt Mary," said Mother. "Tell her that Father and I say you may visit her next week."



"Oh, goody!" Tom shouted, and gave his mother a hug. Then he began to write the letter. But it took him some time to finish it. At last he brought it to his mother. She read:

Dear Aunt Mary,

I am glad I can come to see you. My mother says I may come. And my father says I may come, too. I want to see Ted.

I want to see you and my uncle, too. Father is going to find out what time the train gets to Chicago next Tuesday afternoon. I am glad you are going to meet me.

Goodbye from,

Tom

Mother said it was a very good letter. Tom put it into the envelope.

"I wanted to put in Uncle Theodore's name, but I didn't know how to spell Theodore," he said.

"You can put it on the envelope," said Mother, "because Aunt Mary's name is Mrs. Theodore Strong." Then she told him how to spell Theodore.

So he addressed the envelope:

Mrs. Theodore Strong
3748 Pine Grove Avenue
Chicago
Illinois

Part II

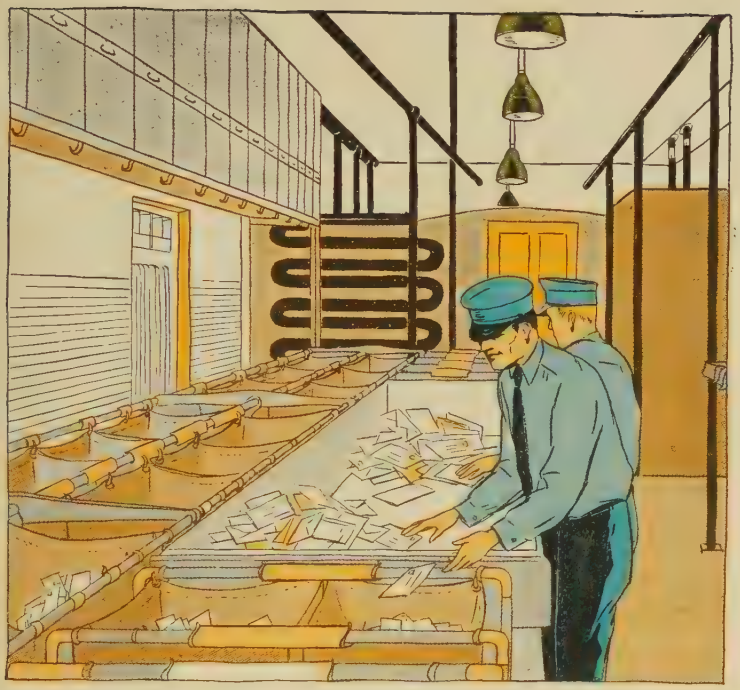
"How will my letter get to Aunt Mary?" he asked.

"You will have to seal the envelope. Then you will have to put a two cent stamp on it," Mother said. "In the morning you can put your letter into the mail box at the gate. Mr. Popper will get it when he comes with our mail. He will take it to the post office in Salem. The mail will be sorted there, and put into big bags."

"Is there a bag for Chicago mail?" Tom asked.

"There is more than one bag, I should think," said Mother. "Chicago is such a big city that thousands of letters are sent there."

"Suppose the letters get mixed up?" Tom said.

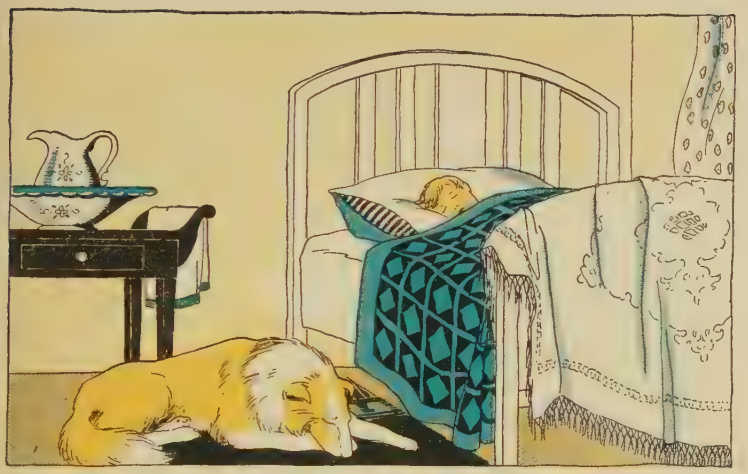


"That will not happen," Father explained, "because the letters that are to go north are put into a strong bag. The bag is locked. Then it is put on a train that goes north. The letters that are to go south are locked in another strong bag. Then this bag is put on a train that goes

south. The letters that are to go east are put on a train that goes east. The letters that are to go west are put on a train that goes west. There is a mail car on the train. The mail car is like a small post office. The clerks take the mail out of the big bags, and sort it again. Then it is put into smaller bags. The mail clerks throw these small bags off the train at the right towns."

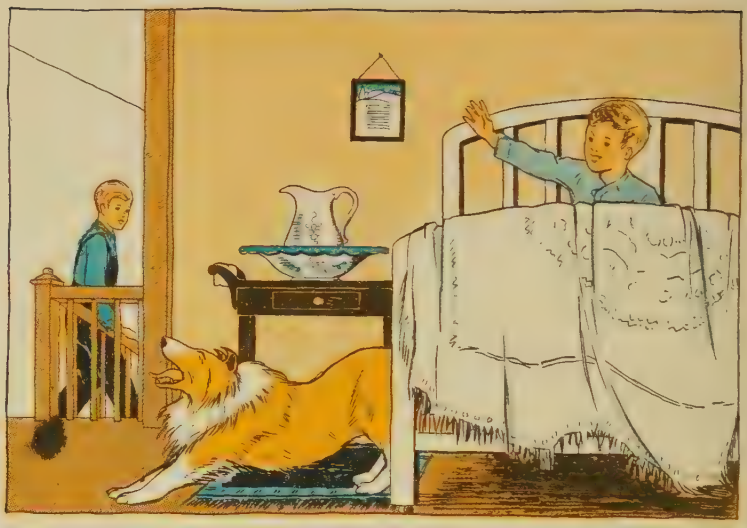
"Will they throw my letter off the train at Aunt Mary's house?" Tom wanted to know.

"No," Father said, "the big mail bag with your letter in it will be taken in a truck to the post office in Chicago. There the bag will be opened and the letters will be sorted again. Your letter will be given to the man who takes the mail to Aunt Mary's house."



"I didn't know you had to do so many things to a letter to get it where you want it to go," Tom said. "I think I shall give my letter to Pop in the morning.

Then he went to bed. He dreamed he was in a mail car that was going very fast. Scotty was with him. They threw out big bags of mail at every station. Tom saw Mr. Popper in his automobile, every time he and Scotty threw off mail bags. That was the funny part of the dream.



Chores First

One morning Tom woke up very early. It was three days after the letter was sent to Aunt Mary.

He heard his big brother, John, running down the stairs, and shouted, "John! Do you know what day this is?"

"It is Tuesday," shouted John.

"Well, it is more than that," Tom answered. "It is the day I'm going traveling."

John did not reply. He was hurrying to the barn to help Father milk the cows.

In the barn five cows stood in their stalls, while Father and John milked them. They were very gentle and quiet.

Tom dressed in a hurry, and ran down to the kitchen. Mother was getting the breakfast ready. The smell of the breakfast made Tom hungry.

"When will breakfast be ready?" he asked.

"In ten minutes," Mother said.

"Then I shall have time to feed Scotty and the kittens," said Tom. He took a little pail of milk and a big bowl of oatmeal out to the barn. When Tom whistled Scotty came running out of the shed. He put his paws on Tom's shoulders, and his tail began to wag, wag, wag.

Right behind Scotty came Fluff, the gray cat. And right behind Fluff came four

little gray kittens. They all said "Meow" and their little tails stuck straight up in the air like sticks.

Tom had named the little kittens Furry, Purry, Hurry, and Scurry.

The little kittens and their mother were not afraid of the big dog. He was their friend. They all ate together, like a happy family.

Tom put their breakfast into a big, clean pan. The kittens were in such a

hurry to eat that they put their paws right into the oatmeal. They got milk all over their faces. Fluff had to wash every one of them. And she cuffed their ears for being such naughty kittens.

Scotty ate up the last of the food in the pans. Then he followed Tom to the house. Tom then ate his own breakfast.

When breakfast was over Tom asked, "May I pack now, Mother?"

"You must do your chores first," said Mother, smiling.

Tom quickly filled the woodbox. Then he put some wood into the kitchen stove.

"I am ready to pack now, Mother," he said.

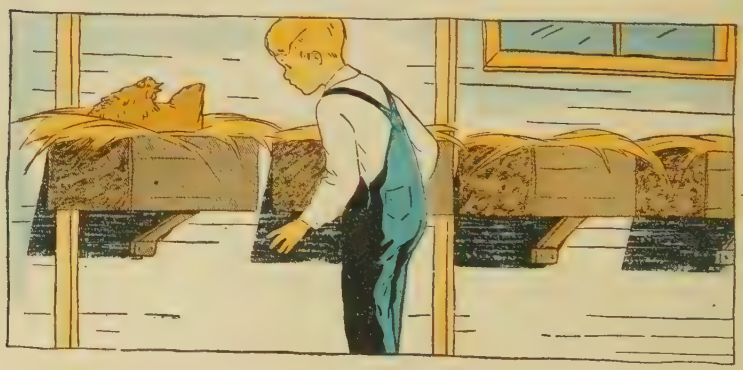
"Have you forgotten your baby chickens?" Mother asked.

"No, I haven't forgotten them, but I'm afraid I'll miss the train," said Tom.

Then he looked a little bit sorry. He knew Mother would not let him miss his train. So he took a pan of chicken feed, and a basket, and went with her to the chicken house.

There were long rows of boxes down each side of the chicken house. They had clean straw in them. These boxes were the nests.

A big brown hen was on the first nest. She was cross. She clucked at Tom. Her feathers seemed to stand straight up. So Tom went to the next nest.



There was a fresh white egg in it.

And there was an egg in the next nest.

And in the next one.

And all down the row of nests.

Tom put the eggs one by one into the basket, which Mother carried. Then he went out to the chicken yard. He put the feed for the little chickens into a place where the old hens could not get it.

Many little baby chickens ate the feed up, as fast as they could; and they peeped all the time. That was their way of saying they liked their breakfast. They were so tame that they hopped on Tom's feet. He had to be careful not to step on them.

On the way back to the house Tom asked Mother to take good care of the baby chicks while he was away in the city. Mother said she would. Then Tom ran upstairs to pack.

The Start—Part I

The big suitcase was open. It was all ready to be packed. Mother told Tom the best way to pack it. He put shoes and all the heavy things in the bottom. He put his raincoat on top of them. His best suit went on top of his raincoat. His suit was neatly folded, so that it would not get wrinkled on the trip.

Handkerchiefs, shirts, and all the other

small things were put into the tray. There was still some room left for more.

"I wish I had a present to take to Aunt Mary," said Tom.

"Here is one, all ready for you," Mother said. "It is a fruit cake that I baked yesterday."

After the cake was packed, Tom locked the suitcase. He put the key into his pocket. He felt very big.

He got dressed for the trip. Then he went down to the kitchen. He watched Mother put sandwiches and fruit into a box. "You can eat this lunch on the train," said Mother.

Father drove up to the front steps of the white farmhouse. "All aboard," called Father.

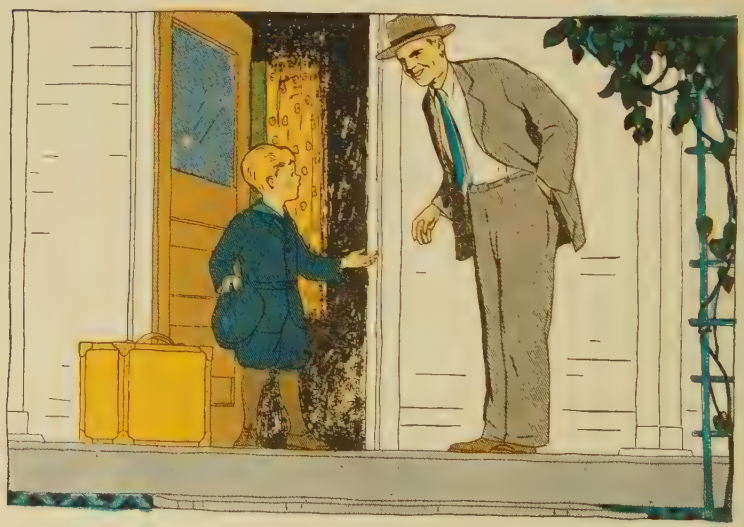
Tom was standing in the doorway. His suitcase was on the porch.

"Are you going to the train with me, Mother?" Tom asked. He was beginning to miss his mother, even before he had left home.

"Yes, indeed," said Mother. "I will be ready in a minute. Get your cap on."

"I can't find my cap," Tom said. "I have looked everywhere."

That made Father laugh. The cap was in Tom's hand, but he did not know it.



When Mother came out on the porch, she laughed at Tom, too. Then Tom laughed. He knew the joke was on him.

"May I drive part way, Father?" he asked.

Father told Tom that he could drive. Tom climbed into the front seat. Scotty did not wait to be asked. He jumped in right after Tom. He sat on the seat, close beside him.

Tom put his arm around Scotty's neck. He was glad not to have to say goodbye to Scotty just yet.

Tom's brother, John, helped Mother into the back seat. He put Tom's heavy suitcase under the seat. Then he climbed in and sat beside Mother. He knew that Father would let him sit on the front seat and drive the horses on the way home.

Father gave the lines a little jerk, and

said, "Come on, boys." The big horses shook their heads as if they understood. Then they trotted down the lane, which had a row of tall trees on each side.

After they went through the big gate, and got out into the highway, Father gave the lines to Tom.

It made Tom feel very proud to drive the big, strong horses. It was a good deal for a little boy to do. But he did it very well, because Father had taught him how to drive.

By and by they came to a stream. It had no bridge over it, so the horses splashed right into the running water.

They snorted as if they liked it. In the middle of the stream Tom let them stop. They buried their noses in the water, and took a long drink. They snorted some more. Then they walked down the road.

After they had gone two miles, they came to a wide deep river. There was a bridge across the river. It was a long covered bridge. When the horses walked through this covered bridge, the boards rattled.

Five minutes later they came to the station. Father tied the horses to a post. Then he and Mother and the boys went into the little waiting room. Scotty walked close beside Tom.

There was a big iron stove in the middle of the waiting room; but there was no fire in it. It was summer time.

There were two benches used for seats.

They were made so that people could not crowd one another. But there was never a big crowd. This was just a lonely station, out in the country. The fast trains did not stop there very often. They stopped only when they were flagged by the station agent.

Part II

Today, a very fast train was going to be flagged. It was going to be flagged because a very important person was going to the city.

His name was Tom Reed.

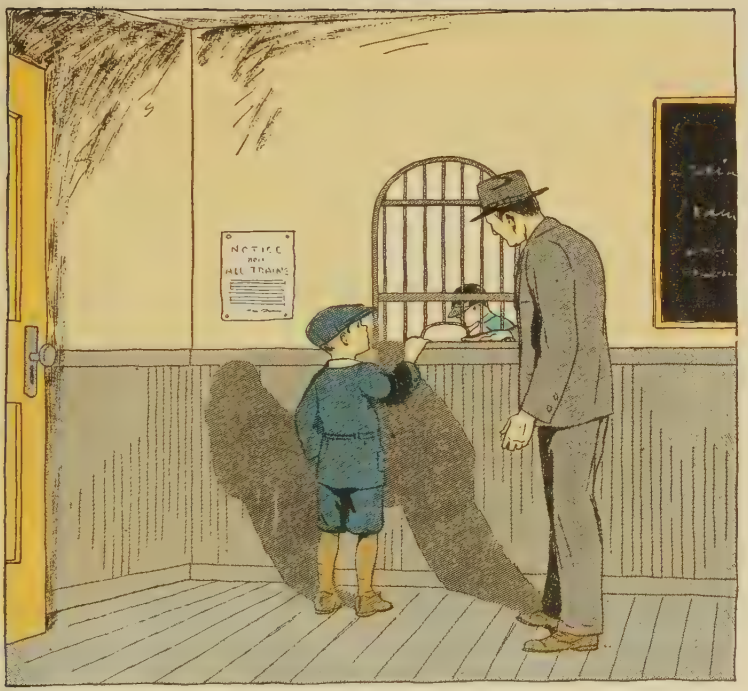
"Now, Tom, have you a ticket?" said Father.

Tom looked puzzled. "Haven't I?" he asked.

"Have you?" Father asked.

"Why, no I have not," said Tom. "I did not think about my ticket."

"Well, now," said Father, "we shall have to get you one." Then he gave Tom a new pocket book. The letters "T. R." were stamped on it. Tom looked at it with wide eyes. He saw some crisp new bills, when he looked inside. His eyes opened still wider.



"Is all that money for me?" he asked.

"Yes, that is your money," Father replied. "Now, you may get your ticket."

Father was teaching Tom how to travel. He took him to a funny little window. It had iron bars across it, and a little shelf in front of it.

Tom looked through the iron bars. He saw the station agent. He was in a little room on the other side of the iron bars. He was sitting at a desk, making a little machine click, click. Father said that he was sending a telegram.

The agent sent the telegram. Then, he came to the little window and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

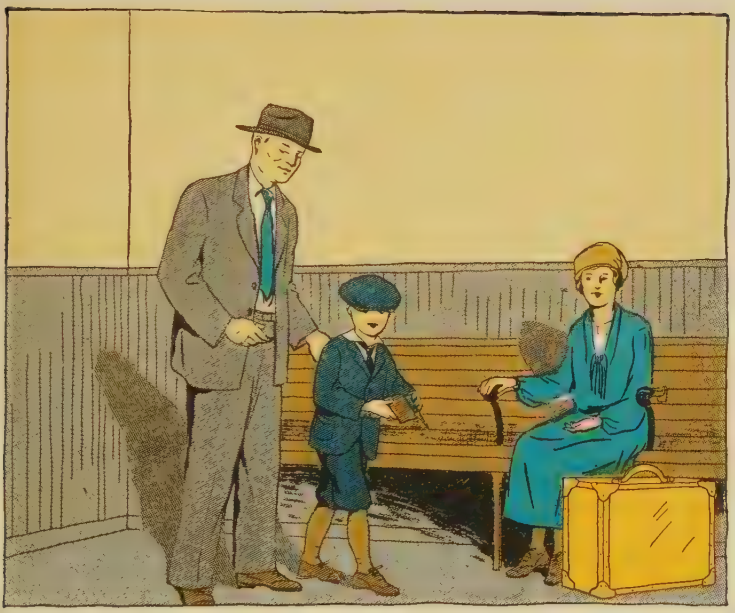
Father did not answer; so Tom cleared his throat and said, "I want a ticket to Chicago." Then he added "please." His voice did not sound just like his own voice.

"Is there any special train that you would like?" the agent asked.

"I'd like the best one," said Tom.

"The 'Prairie Flyer' will be along in a few minutes," the agent told him. "How would that do?"

Tom said he thought it would be fine. So



the agent pulled a green ticket from the rack, and stamped it. It took two of Tom's bills to pay for the ticket. But he got some silver in change, which he put into his pocket. He put the ticket into his new pocket book.

Father said, "Uncle Theodore's address is on this card. Put this into your pocket

book, too. Then, if Aunt Mary and Ted don't find you, give this card to a policeman, and he will tell you what to do."

They soon heard a long shrill whistle in the distance. It was the train coming. When Tom heard the train whistle it made his heart beat very fast. He took a tight hold of Mother's hand, as they went out on the platform. John fastened a rope on Scotty's collar.

The station agent was out on the platform. He waved a red flag up and down. Then the train whistled, two short whistles, and began to run slower and slower. Scotty barked, and pulled on his rope. Tom hugged him goodbye.

Then John led Scotty toward the carriage; but he did not want to go with John. He wanted to go with Tom. He pulled back as hard as he could. John

patted him. At last Scotty went along with John like a good dog.

John called, "Goodbye, Tom. Have a good time." And Tom called back, "I will. Goodbye, John. Goodbye, Scotty."

Scotty barked goodbye.

Tom kissed Father goodbye.

Then he kissed Mother goodbye. He kissed Mother twice.

By this time the train had stopped. The porter hopped off. He put a stool down for Tom to step up on, because the train step was so high.

"Is this young man traveling all alone?" the conductor asked.

Mother, Father, and Tom all said, "Yes," at the same time.

"Well, I will take good care of him," said the conductor.

Tom kissed Mother once more. Then the

porter helped him on the train, and carried Tom's suitcase into the car.

The conductor waved his hand to the engineer. The engine bell rang. The whistle blew. The train started on its way to Chicago. The conductor got on the train. Then the porter closed the doors so that nobody could fall off the train.

Tom waved his hand to Father and Mother. They waved their hands, too, and so did John. Scotty barked and barked.

On the Train—Part I

"You may sit right here, sir," said the porter. Tom sat down in a big blue chair, and the porter put his suitcase beside it.

Then the conductor came along and said, "Ticket please." Tom took the ticket out of his pocket book, and handed it to the conductor. The conductor punched it, and handed it back to him. Tom put it into his pocket book. Then another conductor came along and said, "Pullman tickets, please."

Tom paid for his Pullman seat. Then the train conductor asked him if he could tell time. That made Tom laugh. He pulled out his silver watch, and said, "It is twelve o'clock."

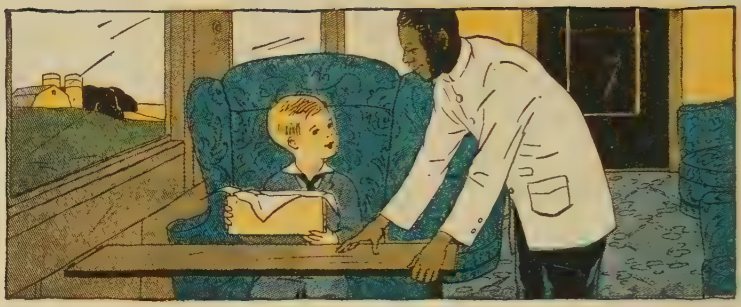
Then the conductor gave Tom a time-table. It was a list of all the stations where the train would stop on the way to Chicago. After the names of the stations there were figures printed. The figures told what time the train would get to each station. So with the watch and the time-table, Tom could always tell whether the train was on time.

Soon the conductors had to go to the next car. Then Tom sat in the big chair and looked out of the window. The train was going very fast. It was taking him farther and farther from home every minute. He felt very lonely.

The country seemed to fly by. After a while Tom began watching the telegraph poles jerk past the window. He counted them until he got up to a hundred. He wondered how many he would pass before he got to Chicago.

The train whizzed past farms with white farmhouses and big barns. They looked very much like the farm where Tom lived. And every little while the train went past a station just like the one where he had got on the train. But it did not stop, because there was no station agent on the platform, waving a red flag up and down.

He watched the stations for about an hour. Then he felt hungry, so he opened his lunch box. The porter was going past Tom's seat. The porter's name was Sam.



"Wait a minute," said Sam, "let me fix you up."

He opened a door, and took out a table, which had only one leg. Tom wondered how it would stand. But Sam hooked one end of the table into two catches under the window. The leg at the other end held the table up. And the table stood as well as if it had four legs.

"May I bring you something from the dining car?" Sam asked.

"Yes, I'd like some chocolate ice cream, and a glass of milk, please," said Tom.

Then he put the lunch Mother had

fixed for him on the table. When he saw the chicken and tomato sandwiches he was hungrier than ever. They tasted good with the glass of milk. And Mother's cake, with the ice cream Sam had brought, made it seem like a party.

When Tom had finished the last of the ice cream, he paid the check. And he gave Sam a tip, just as Father had told him to do. Then he gave Sam part of the fruit that was left, too. That made

Sam smile all the time he was clearing away the table. Soon Sam went to do something for someone else. Then Tom looked out of the window, just as he had done before lunch.

It seemed as if the train were going faster than ever. It was going so fast that it made Tom feel sleepy; so he curled up in the chair and took a nap.

Part II

Tom had a long nap. He waked up very suddenly when the train stopped with a jerk and a bump. He wondered whether they had reached Chicago.

Tom sat up and looked out of the window. He saw only fields of grass and grain. There was not even a little country station in sight. But passengers were getting off the train, and walking along beside the track.

Sam came through the car. He told Tom there was a hot box. He said it might make them half an hour late.

Tom was afraid that Aunt Mary and Ted would not wait that long for him. But he knew what to do, if they did not meet him.

And when Sam asked him if he would like to see the hot box he forgot to worry. He hopped off the train with Sam, and they walked to the car that had the hot box.

Tom knew what an ice box was. But he did not know what a hot box was. So he asked Sam about it. Sam told him that it was the box that the axle of the wheels turned in. He said that it had to have plenty of oil. The wheels have to turn very fast, for a very long time. If there was not oil enough, the box got hot,

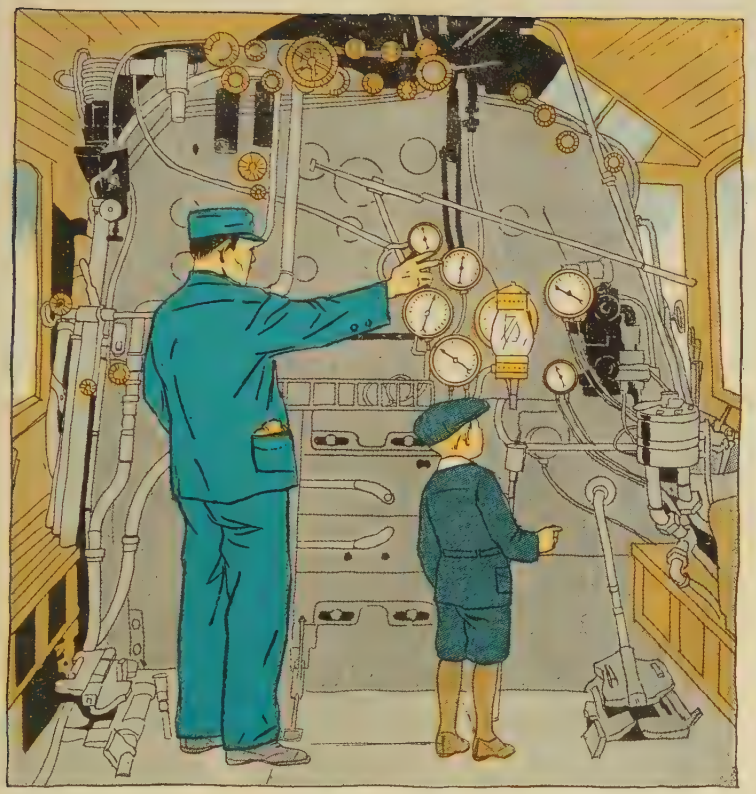
and the axle stuck, so that the wheels could not turn any more. Then, of course, the train had to stop.

While Tom was watching the brakeman fix the hot box, the conductor said, "Should you like to see the engine?" Tom quickly said, "Yes." That turned out to be the finest part of the trip.

The engineer lifted Tom up into the engine cab. He showed him all the throttles and levers. He explained what made the engine go.

The fireman opened an iron door. He threw in some coal. Tom saw the red-hot fire. It made his face burn.

The engineer explained that there was water in the boiler. He said that the fire heated the water in the great boiler. Then it became steam. The steam made the engine wheels go round when the



engineer pulled the throttle. It was all very strange to Tom. It was like magic.

Tom wanted to pull the throttle. The engineer told him that he could not let him do that because it would start the train.

But he let Tom ring the bell. Then he let him blow the whistle. The whistle sounded very loud. Tom decided to be an engineer when he grew up.

Then the conductor came and lifted Tom down out of the engine cab. They went back to look at the hot box. The brakeman said it would be all right in a few minutes. So Sam took Tom back to the chair car.

In a few minutes, Tom saw the conductor wave his hand to the engineer. He did that to tell the engineer that they were all ready to start.

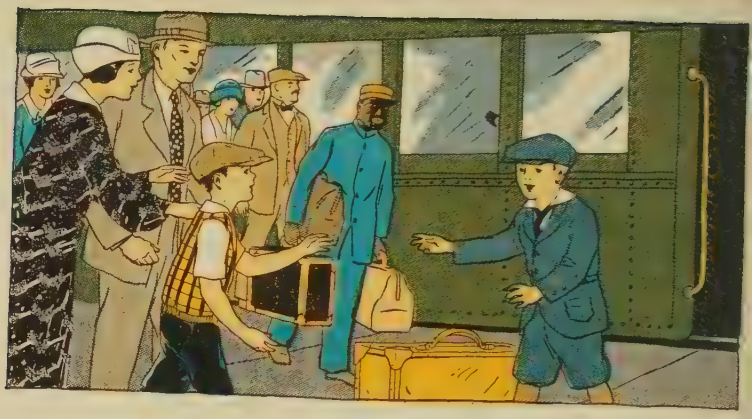
The engineer blew the whistle four times. The fireman rang the bell, and the train started.

The Arrival

The train went along for several hours. It went past farms, and fields, and little stations. After a while the houses were closer and closer together. The train went slower and slower. Sam told Tom that they would soon be in Chicago. He carried Tom's suitcase down the aisle for him. When the train stopped, Tom said goodbye to Sam and he was the very first passenger Sam helped off the train.

The depot seemed to be as big as the very biggest field Tom had ever seen. But instead of green grass and trees there were tracks. There were trains with puffing engines. There were clouds of smoke. There were many noises, and there were crowds of people.

Tom wished he could see Aunt Mary. He felt sure that she would never find him.



The platform was so long. There were so many people, going so many ways, in such a great hurry.

Tom felt all alone in the world. Then he heard Ted shout, "There's Tom. Hello Tom!" And Tom shouted, "Hello Ted!"

Tom was glad to see Ted, and Aunt Mary, and Uncle Theodore. They were glad to see him. He told them about the hot box and why the train was late.

Uncle Theodore led them through the crowded depot. He led them out onto

the sidewalk, which was even more crowded. The hurrying people bumped against Tom.

He was glad to get on the big bus. It stopped at the corner for them when Uncle Theodore held up his hand.

Ted climbed up a little winding stairway at the back of the bus. Tom followed close behind Ted. He saw that the roof of the bus had two rows of small benches on it. He and Ted sat in the very front bench.

Tom was so busy looking at everything that he could hardly speak. There were so many automobiles! It seemed as if everybody were going to be run over every minute. The bus went slowly through the crowded street.

But when the big policemen blew their whistles and held up their hands, the automobiles stopped. Nobody got hurt.

It was all very different from anything

Tom had ever seen before. He wondered why some of the people did not go out to the country. There was plenty of room out there.

Ted knew the city very well. He told Tom all about the places they passed: office buildings as tall as towers, with hundreds of windows in them; the public library; a bridge across the river; huge hotels, and fine houses.

By and by the bus turned down a street that had a great many tall houses crowded close together. Ted said, "The next street is ours." Tom wondered what he meant.

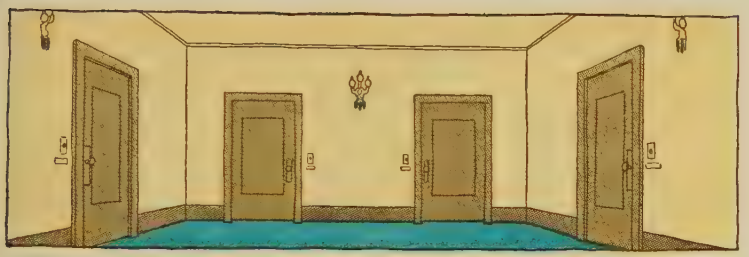
Ted pressed a button. The bus stopped. The boys went down the little winding stairway at the back. Aunt Mary and Uncle Theodore had been riding inside the bus. They all got off in front of a brick building that was eight stories high.

"This is where we live," said Ted.

"It's a very big house for three persons," Tom said, looking up and up.

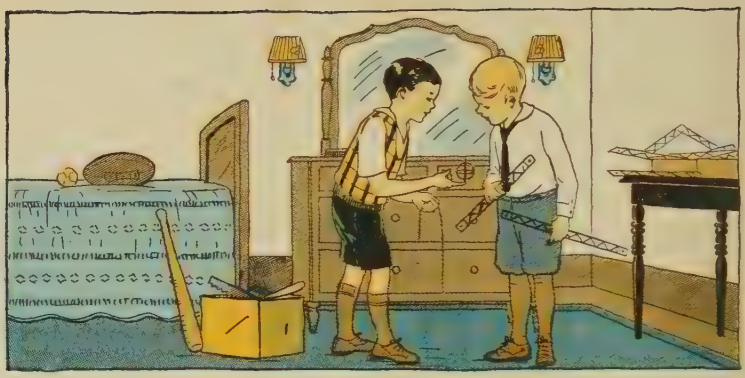
"Oh, we don't live in all of it," Ted explained. "It's an apartment house. We have just a little apartment. It is way up at the top. Come on, I'll show you."

Tom thought it would be a pretty long climb up to the top floor. He followed



Ted along a big hall, and into a little room. Aunt Mary and Uncle Theodore followed the boys into the little room. Then a man in a blue uniform closed the door. He moved a lever. The floor on which Tom was standing, began moving up. It made Tom catch his breath.

Ted explained that they were in an elevator, as they went up, up, up. When the man in the blue uniform moved the lever again, the car stopped. He opened the door. Tom followed Ted out into a small hall. There were four doors in the hall. Near each door, there was a doorbell with a name under it.



At Ted's Home

Uncle Theodore opened the door that had his name near it. Ted led Tom into a cozy living room.

"You see how we have our own little part of this big house, Tom," said Aunt Mary. "I hope you will have a very happy visit with us."

"I know I shall," Tom answered, smiling.

"Come on into my room, Tom," Ted said. "It's going to be our room for a whole week. Won't we have fun!"

Ted wanted to show Tom his playthings. There were so many things to see that

time passed very quickly. The boys liked the building set best. They liked it because they could do so many things with it. They were making a tall tower when Aunt Mary knocked on the door.

"Dinner is ready, boys," she said. "Are you ready for dinner?"

Ted took Tom into the bathroom. There they splashed and brushed. They were ready for dinner in no time.

Dinner tasted good to the two hungry boys. The dinner turned into a real party, when they saw that there was ice cream with fresh strawberries.

As Tom was eating the first spoonful of ice cream, he suddenly remembered something. "May I be excused from the table a minute, Aunt Mary?" he said, "I forgot something."

Aunt Mary excused him. He rushed to

Ted's room. He opened the suitcase. He took out the fruit cake that his mother had baked. Then he took it to the table and gave it to Aunt Mary. The cake made it more like a party than ever.

Tom asked all kinds of questions about the city. He found out that city people live in a very different way from country people. They have to, because so many thousands of them live close together.

He liked living in the little house that was all on one floor, with no stairs in it. Uncle Theodore called it a "flat." Tom thought "flat" was a good name for it.

When Tom looked out of the window it seemed very, very far down to the street. The people looked as if they were only about half as big as they really were.

"It's 'most like being up in an airplane, isn't it, Ted?" said Tom. "I never have

been so high up in the air before."

"This isn't very high," Ted said. "I've been on top of one of the highest buildings in Chicago. Dad took me."

Uncle Theodore saw how much Tom would like to go up on the high building, too. But Tom was too polite to ask. So Uncle Theodore said to him, "Should you like to go up on that high building, Tom?"

Tom thought it would be fine for Uncle Theodore to take him up there. His office was in that tall building.

As they were talking about it the doorbell rang. Ted opened the front door. An expressman was standing in the hall. A large box was on the floor beside him.

"Is this where Mr. Strong lives?" the expressman asked.

"Yes," said Uncle Theodore. "I am Mr. Strong." He went to the door and

signed his name in the expressman's book. Then he carried the box out to the kitchen. The boys went with him.

"What do you suppose it is, Dad?" Ted asked.

"I know what it is," said Uncle Theodore. "You and Tom might try 'Twenty Questions' to find out." So the questions began.

"Is it mineral?"

"Yes."

"Is it vegetable?"

"Yes."

"Is it animal?"

"No. But it has a voice," said Uncle Theodore.

"What can it be?" said Tom.

"A radio," shouted Ted.

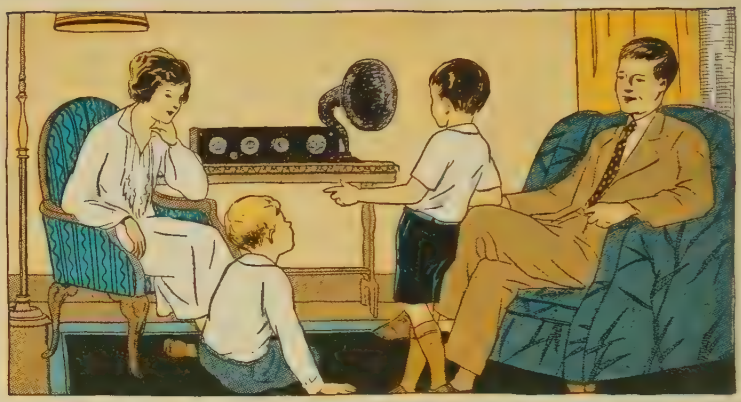
"It couldn't be a radio," said Tom, almost in a whisper.

"It might be," said Ted. "I hope it is."

"Why not?" Uncle Theodore asked, as he lifted it out of the box. "We'll have it set up in no time."

Ted gave one look. It was a radio. He ran to tell his mother the wonderful news. Then Ted and Tom watched Uncle Theodore set it up.

"Now, let's see what we can get," Uncle Theodore said, as he turned the dials. Suddenly it seemed as if there was a band playing right in the room. The boys could



hardly believe their ears. They wanted to know what made the radio work. Uncle Theodore told them as well as he could.

For an hour they got all sorts of things "out of the air." They heard songs, a children's chorus, and dance music. Time went so fast that it was dark before anyone knew it.

"Please turn on the light, Ted," said Aunt Mary.

Ted pressed a button beside the door and the room was filled with light.

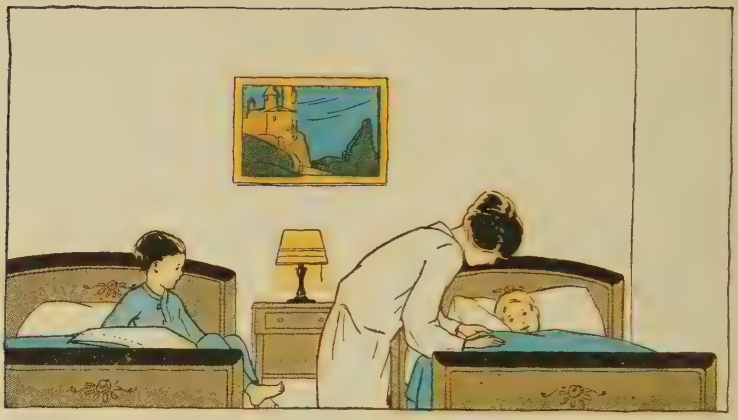
"These lights are fine. They are much better than the ones we have in the country," said Tom. He was beginning to feel that he was living in a new world.

When bedtime came, the boys were not at all ready to leave the radio. But they said goodnight, and went to their room.

Before Tom got into bed, he went to the window, and looked down at the street. He saw long lines of bright lights on tall poles. The people on the sidewalk had very black shadows walking along in front of them or following behind them.

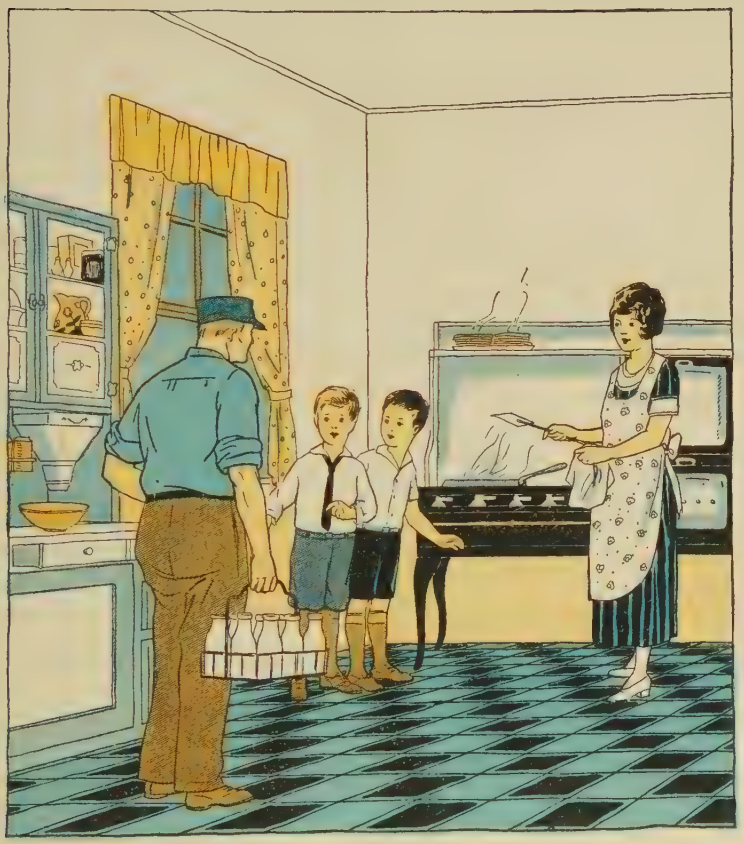
The street cars had very bright lights. They were running along the tracks. The automobiles, with their big lights, were racing along the street. It was all just as busy and noisy as it had been in the daytime.

Then Tom looked up at the sky. The big



silver moon was shining. The little silver stars were twinkling. Tom wished he could say goodnight to his mother.

Poor Tom felt as if he had a hard lump in his throat. But just then Aunt Mary came into the room. She tucked Tom into his little bed, and kissed him goodnight. Then she tucked Ted into his little bed, and kissed him goodnight. Then she turned out the light. It was very dark and still in the room. In a few minutes both boys were sound asleep.



The Milkman

The next morning Tom and Ted were in the kitchen. They were watching Aunt Mary make pancakes for breakfast.

The back doorbell rang. Some one outside the door called, "Milk," in a very loud voice. Aunt Mary opened the door. A big man in shirt sleeves stood there. He had a basket, which was filled with bottles of milk and cream.

"I am sorry to be late, Mrs. Strong," he said, "but the train was late. How much milk do you want this morning?"

"I need an extra quart of milk, and a bottle of cream," Aunt Mary replied. "Ted's cousin Tom is here for a visit, and the boys must have plenty of milk to drink."

Tom watched the milkman put two bottles of milk and a bottle of cream on the kitchen table. Then he asked, "Where do you keep your cows?"

"I have no cows and I have never had any cows," said the big man, laughing. "I've always lived in the city."

"This is the first time I've ever been to the city," said Tom, in a friendly way. "I live in the country, and we have five cows. My big brother John can milk the cows; but I can't. I'm not big enough."

"Aren't you afraid of the cows?" Ted asked.

"Of course not," said Tom. "Only girls are afraid of cows."

"Well, I mean their horns," said Ted.

"They don't hurt anyone," Tom said. "Scotty and I bring them in from the pasture every day."

"Who is Scotty?" Ted asked.

"He's my dog," said Tom. "I wanted to bring him with me. But Father said he wasn't a city dog, and he would not be happy here."

"I think that is true," said Aunt Mary. "A big dog loves to run out of doors. He would not like to be shut up in a flat."

"Scotty can run faster than I can," Tom said. "You'll see how fast he can run when you come to visit me, Ted. And maybe Father will let us both learn how to milk."

"I don't want to learn how to milk," Ted said. He was still thinking of the horns.

"Here I am listening to these boys when I ought to be on my way," said the milkman.

"Where do you get the milk if you haven't any cows?" Tom asked.

"We get it at the factory," the milkman told him.

"Do they make milk there?" Tom asked.

"No. They get it off the milk train," said the big man. "But they do a lot of things to it at the factory."

"Milk is sent to Chicago in big, glass-lined, tank cars. These cars go right to the factories where the milk is put into bottles," said Aunt Mary.

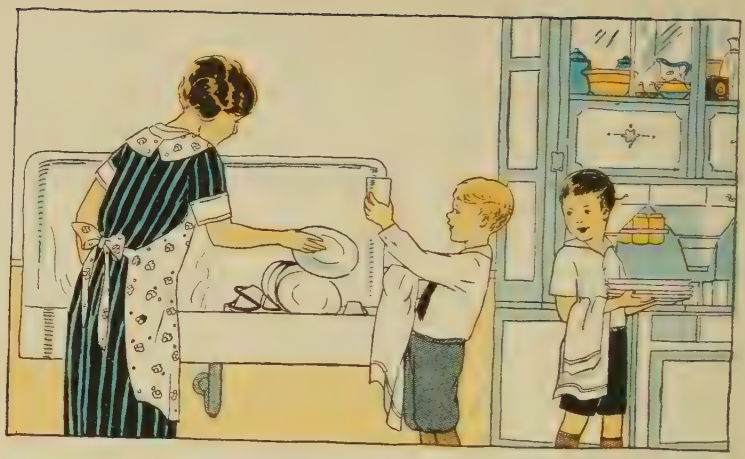
"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Strong," said the milkman, "I'll come back in about half an hour. Then I'll take the boys over to the factory."

Tom and Ted were so happy that they hopped up and down. Aunt Mary said they might go if the milkman would bring them home by lunch time.

"So long, boys. I will see you later," said the milkman, and he went on to take milk to other homes.

Aunt Mary took the last brown pancake off the griddle. Tom and Ted played they were waiters. They each took two plates of hot pancakes and went into the dining room. Then they went back into the kitchen and carried in the rest of the breakfast. This made a good game.

Uncle Theodore had to be called twice before he came to breakfast. He was



listening to the radio. But Aunt Mary said, "Come along, Theodore. You know all the boys in this house have to mind."

The boys thought it was a good joke for Aunt Mary to call Uncle Theodore a boy.

After breakfast, Tom and Ted went back into the kitchen with the dishes. Aunt Mary washed the dishes. And the boys helped dry them. Aunt Mary made a game of everything. And that took all the hard work out of it.

A Trip with the Milkman

The milkman had not come back in half an hour.

"Do you think he has forgotten us, Mother?" asked Ted.

"I'm sure he has not," said Mother. "He has brought us milk for three years. He has never forgotten us once. So I am sure he will not forget us this time."

As she spoke, the back door opened, and the milkman called, "All ready, boys?"

The boys were more than ready, and they got into the elevator in a hurry.

When they reached the street they saw a big brown horse. It was hitched to a white wagon. The horse was standing quietly without being tied. But when the milkman and the boys climbed into the wagon, the horse started without being told to go. He seemed to know just what to do.

In a little while he began to trot. The empty bottles in the wagon jingled and rattled. The boys thought it was great fun to make so much noise.

After they had gone a few blocks, Tom said, "May I drive a little while?"

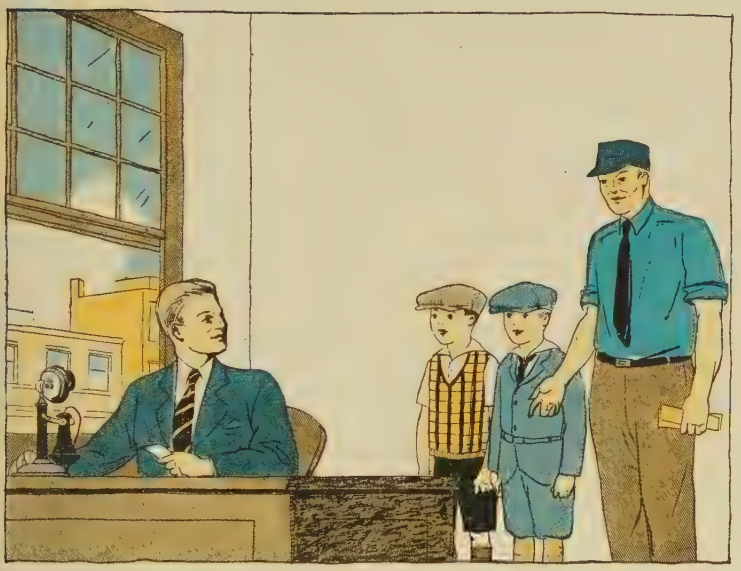
The milkman looked at him in surprise. "You're not big enough to drive," he said.

"I drove our team most of the way to the station when I left home," Tom said. "Father taught me to drive last summer."

The milkman handed him the lines. Tom was proud to show Ted how well he could drive. He turned the corners when he was told to turn. At last he stopped the big horse in front of the factory.

The factory was a white building a block long. It was full of windows.

As Ted got out of the wagon he made up his mind that he was going to drive part



of the way back. He felt sure that he could drive just as well as Tom.

The milkman took the boys into a wide hall. He asked a man to have some one take the boys through the factory. He said that the boys wanted to see what was done to the milk in the factory.

The man at the desk asked their names. Then he called a big boy and said, "I

should like to have you take Tom and Ted all over the factory. Tell them about everything, Tony."

So the big boy took the two little boys first to the back part of the factory. There they saw glass-lined tank cars. Tony told them that the farmers strain the milk into large cans. Then they set the cans in cold water to cool the milk. The cans of milk are then sent to a railroad station. When the milk train comes along, the milk is put into the glass-lined tank cars. These cars carry the milk to the factory. It is pasteurized, at the factory and put into bottles. Then it is ready for the milk wagon.

"Every milkman has a route. Each horse knows where to stop nearly as well as the driver does," Tony said.

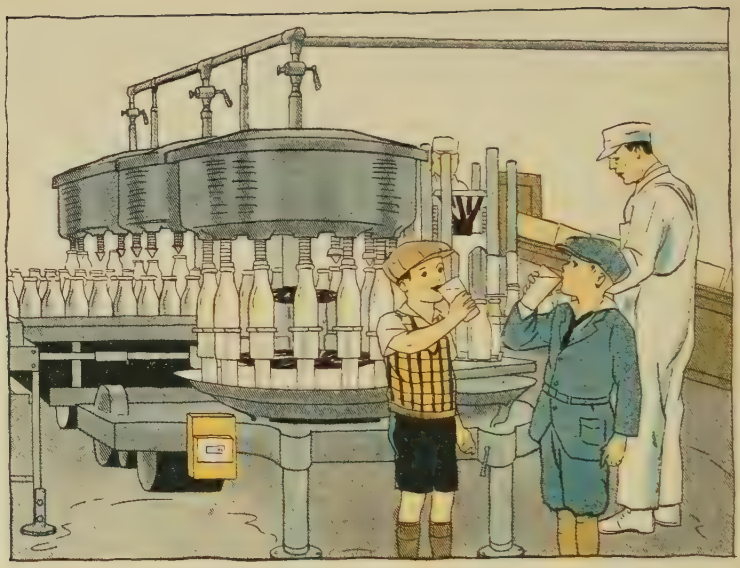
Tony took them to a room where the boys saw a machine. This machine took the

cream out of the milk. It was called a cream separator. Tom and Ted could not understand why cream came out of one tube, and milk out of another.

They then looked through a glass wall into another room. They saw men who wore white caps and long white coats. They were getting milk ready for sick babies. The men were very careful to have the milk just right.

"I don't know how the babies of Chicago would live, if it were not for the farmers and their cows," said Tony.

In another room they saw thousands of bottles being scoured. They were scoured by machines. Then they saw the bottles being scalded by steam. The steam made them perfectly clean. Then they were ready for the fresh milk to be put into them. The boys found this room pretty



hot. And by the time they reached the bottling room, they were glad to sit down.

The man in this room told them how far they had walked. Then they understood why their legs ached. He gave each of them a tall glass of cool rich milk. They were very glad to drink the milk.

Then the milkman came to get them. He had a load of fresh milk to deliver.

As soon as they were in the wagon, Ted said in a loud voice, "Now it's my turn to drive."

"Do you know how to drive?" the milkman asked.

"Well," Ted said, "I have never tried, but I know I can. I'm just as big as Tom."

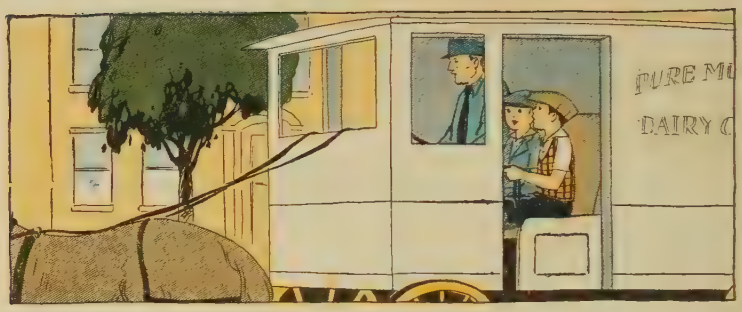
"Yes, you are as big as Tom. But do you know how to drive? Tom's father taught him how," said the milkman.

"Well—couldn't you teach me?" Ted asked.

"Yes," said the driver, "if you'll do just as I tell you."

Ted's heart beat very fast as he took the lines. He thought it was a fine thing to make the big horse turn a corner just by pulling one line. He pulled on the line when the milkman told him to do so.

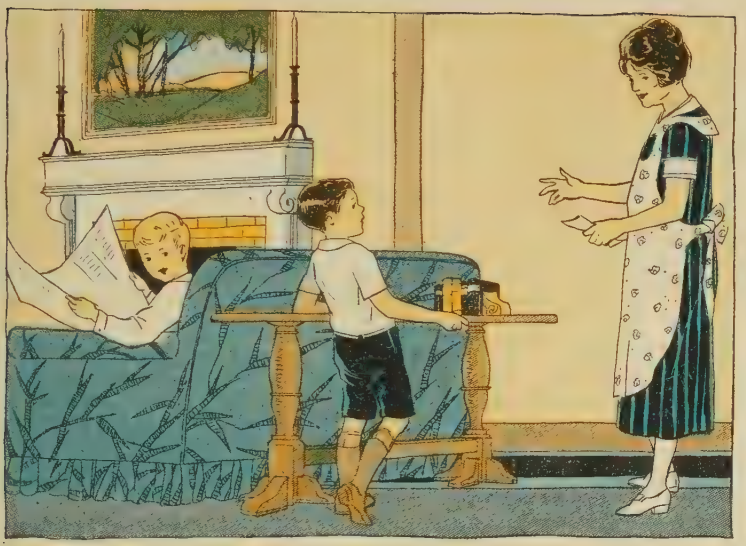
When they got near home, the milkman



took the lines. He said it was not safe for a little boy to drive where the streets were so full of motors, and trucks, and street cars, and people.

He took the boys to their kitchen door. When Aunt Mary opened the door, he said, "I have brought the boys back, safe and sound."

Tom and Ted wanted to tell Aunt Mary all about their trip. They almost forgot to thank the milkman, and tell him good-bye. But when they remembered, they thanked him for a fine time. The milkman said he had enjoyed it as much as they had.



City Ways

"What are we going to do this morning, Mother?" Ted asked after breakfast the next day.

"You can't expect to do something wonderful every day, like the trip with the milkman yesterday," said his Mother. "But there must be plenty of things that will interest you and Tom. How about the radio?"

"We looked in the paper. It doesn't tell about anything 'on the air' until ten o'clock," Ted replied.

"They call it 'on the air' in the paper," said Tom. "That's a funny way to say it. I should think it would be 'in the air,' shouldn't you, Aunt Mary?"

"Perhaps they say it that way because we say 'on the wire' when we telephone," said Aunt Mary.

Then Aunt Mary telephoned to the grocery. Tom heard her order sugar, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruit, coffee, and a good many other things. "Where are all those things coming from?" said Tom.

"They are coming from the grocery store," said Aunt Mary. "The delivery boy will bring them in about half an hour."

"Half an hour!" Tom said. "I don't see how he can get them all in such a

short time." Aunt Mary told him about the big grocery store. When Tom heard that the store had all kinds of food from all over the world he wanted to see it.

"It's different, where I live," he said. "Father would have had to drive to town to get some of those things. It would take him nearly all day. And we should have to get the lettuce and tomatoes from the garden, and the berries, too. It takes a long time

to pick berries, and your hands get scratched on the bushes."

"Some bushes scratch worse than others, don't they?" said Aunt Mary, laughing.

"Have you been in the country?" Tom asked.

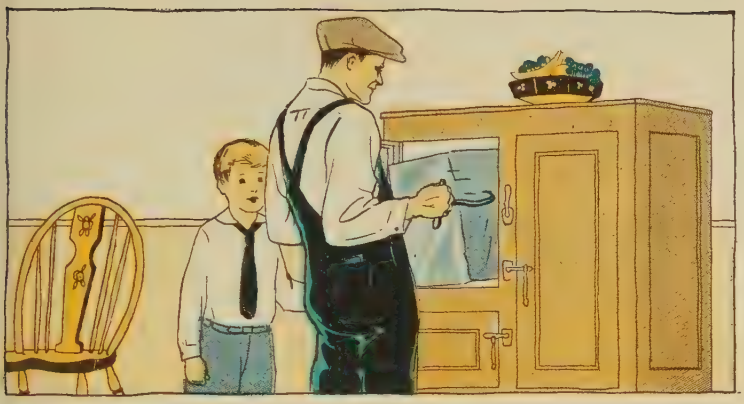
"I have been there," said Aunt Mary. "I love the country."

"So do I," Tom said. "I wish Ted could visit me in the country. We could have so much fun."

"I am sure Ted would think it was more fun than anything he had ever done in his life before," Aunt Mary said.

"The city is fun, too," said Tom. "I like it, but I'm not very much used to it yet."

"There are a great many things to get used to in a city as big as this one," Aunt Mary said. "You will have a great deal to tell John when you get home."



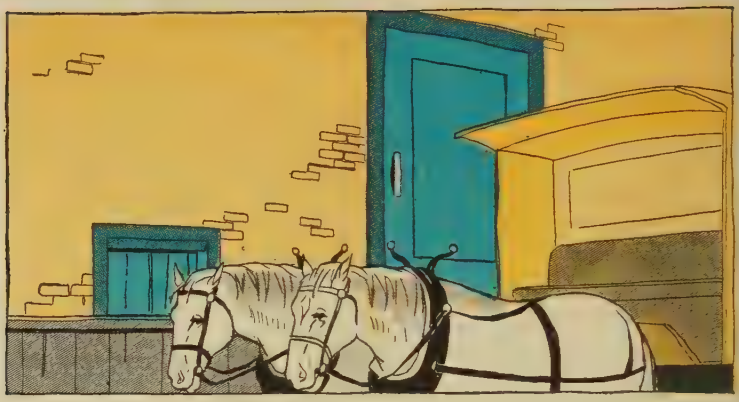
The Iceman

Suddenly the back doorbell rang. Aunt Mary said Tom might open the door. The iceman stood there.

"Do you want any ice today?" he asked.

Aunt Mary told him to fill the ice box. So he took a big cake of ice out of the elevator. Then he put it into the ice box.

"They bring you everything in town, don't they?" said Tom. Then he said to the iceman, "Where does the ice come from?"



"They freeze it at the ice plant," the iceman said. "They have machines that freeze about a hundred tons a day."

"I thought it took cold weather to freeze ice," said Tom. "It's hot today. I don't see how they do it."

"I don't know much about how they do it, either," said the iceman. "But they call it the ammonia process. Ask your Uncle. I think he can tell you. My business is to get it to you. I have to take good care of my horses so they can haul the heavy loads."

"What are your horses' names?" Tom asked.

"Mike," said the iceman.

"Both of them?" said Ted.

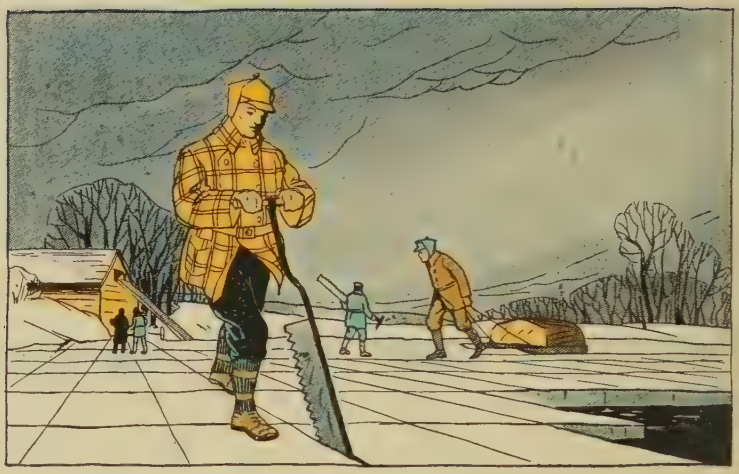
"Yes, both of them," said the iceman.

"I think that's funny," said Tom.

"Nothing funny about it," the iceman said. "First I drove Mike to a light wagon. Then they gave me a heavy wagon, and another horse. They said his name was Mike, too. Of course, I couldn't change his name when he had been used to it all his life.

"When I want them to go I just say, 'Git-up, Mike.' Then they both start. It takes less time. Good morning." He stepped back into the elevator. Then he went to take ice to some other family.

"We have a pond at home," Tom told Ted. "When the pond freezes over in the



winter we cut the ice and pack it into the ice house. We pack enough to last all summer. It's cold in the ice house, even on hot days."

"Do you skate on the pond when it is frozen?" asked Ted.

"Of course," said Tom, "and in summer we go swimming in it."

"I wish we could go swimming in it today," said Ted. And Tom wished they could, too.

Down Town—Part I

The next afternoon Aunt Mary asked Tom and Ted whether they would like to go down town with her. She was going to some of the stores. She told Tom that they would go to one of the largest stores in the world. The store covered a whole city block. It was thirteen stories high.

The boys got ready at once.

Aunt Mary said they would go down town on the "L." Tom did not know that she meant the elevated railroad. They had to walk about three blocks. Then Tom was surprised to see that they had to go up a steep stairway. The stairway went from the sidewalk up to a long platform.

There was a little house on the platform. It had a ticket window with iron bars across it. It was just like the station in the country. Aunt Mary paid the money to

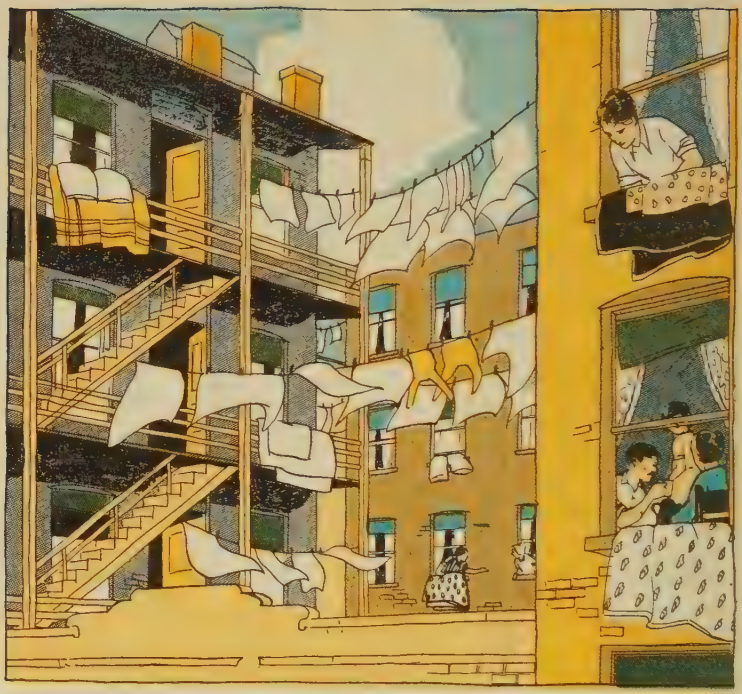
the man at the ticket window. Then she and the boys went through a turnstile. Then they stood near the edge of the long platform, with some other people.

Suddenly the platform began to shake. Tom was afraid. But when he saw that Ted and Aunt Mary and the other people were not afraid, he felt sure there could be no danger. Then he saw what made the platform shake. The shaking grew worse every minute.

A train without an engine was coming very fast toward them. When the train stopped, a train man opened the car doors. Then the boys followed Aunt Mary into the car. They each got a seat by a window.

Tom was interested in looking out of the window. He was so much interested that he forgot to ask what made the train run without an engine. The train was an express. It went racing past some stations before it stopped again.

It went past long blocks of brick buildings. They were six or seven stories high. They had fire escapes up the front. Tom and Ted saw babies, and cats, and dogs on some of the fire escapes. They saw ropes stretched between the buildings. These ropes were up very high. They were the clotheslines. People hung their washing on them.



In one small room, they saw a large family sitting around a table. The table was covered with a bright red table cloth. One woman held a fat baby on her lap.

Aunt Mary said that these buildings were tenements. Many, many people lived in them.

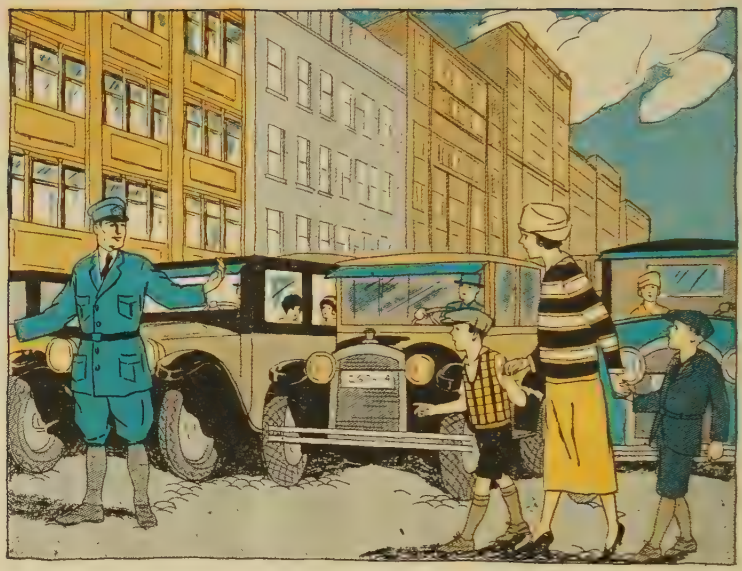
It all looked very dirty and hot to Tom. He was glad he did not have to live in one of those crowded rooms. He wondered why some of the people did not go to the country to live. And Tom felt very sorry for the babies.

The train crossed a bridge. Aunt Mary told the boys they were then in the downtown part of the city.

At one of the downtown stations Aunt Mary and the boys got off the train. They went down a long iron stairway to the street. Tom did not want to go when he saw that they had to cross the street.

The street was full of automobiles, busses, trucks, and street cars.

But a policeman stood in the middle of the street. He blew his whistle and held up his hand. Then all the cars and trucks stopped. They were lined up in long rows.



Aunt Mary took Tom and Ted each by the hand, and started across the street; but Tom stayed behind her. He was sure that row of big cars would run over him. Then the policeman said, "Step lively, boys. You've got the right of way." The big policeman waited until they were safe on the sidewalk. Then he blew his whistle for the cars to start again.

"Does the policeman stay there all day to help people across the street?" asked Tom.

"I think he is there eight hours every day. Then another policeman takes his place," Aunt Mary said.

"They must get tired," said Ted.

"Yes," Aunt Mary replied, "they must get very tired. They have to stand in the hot sun eight hours. They have to keep the cars from bumping into one another. Even if a big storm comes up, these policemen have to stay right there. They are needed then more than at any other time. Just think what it must be like in the winter! They have to stay there when the wind blows the sleet and snow in their faces. They have to watch every minute to see that no one is hurt. It is a hard thing to do. We don't know all the things people do, day in and day

out, to make life more safe and comfortable for us."

"I shouldn't like to be a policeman. It's too hard work. I'd rather be a fireman," said Ted.

"You wouldn't like to shovel all that coal, and the fire would burn your face like anything," said Tom. He was thinking of the fireman that he had seen on the train.

"Firemen don't shovel coal," said Ted. "They ride on the fire engine and put the fires out. There's an engine-house near our home. We'll go in there some day."

Part II

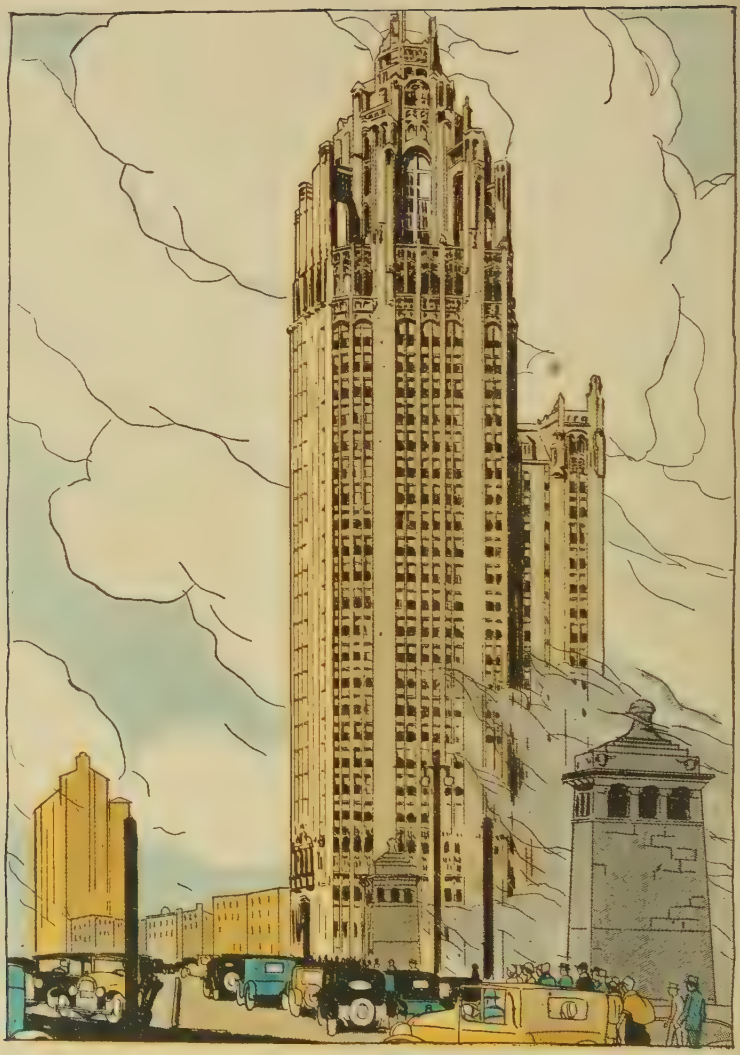
By this time they were in the big store. There were so many things to see that there was no time to talk about firemen.

Aunt Mary took the boys to a great many places in the store. They went up and down in the big elevators. There was

a whole floor of toys and it was hard to get the boys away from that floor. Aunt Mary told them that Uncle Theodore was waiting for them at the office. Then they were quite ready to go. Ted wanted to show Tom one of the very highest buildings in Chicago. Tom wanted to see it.

They soon reached the door to the tall building. The top of the tower was far above the street. But Tom was so busy watching the big crowds that he forgot to look up to the top of the tower.

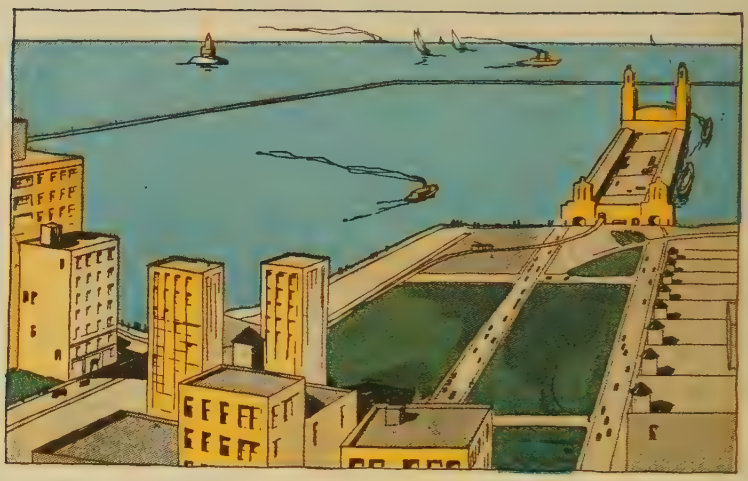
In the hall of this building there was



a long row of elevators, just like those in the big store. Tom went with Aunt Mary into an elevator that had just room enough left for them to crowd in.

The man gave the signal for the elevator to start. The doors slid shut. The elevator, which was an express, went up, and up. Tom held his breath. There was a funny feeling in his ears. This was not the kind of elevator ride he had had before. He felt as if they were going clear up to the sky.

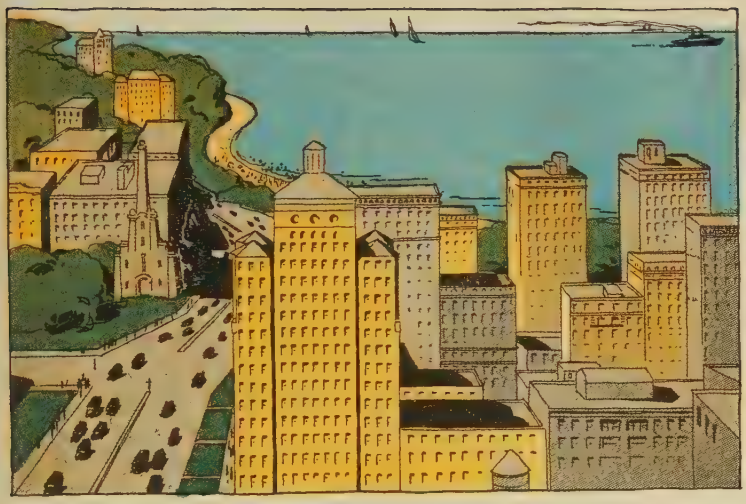
The first stop was at the twentieth floor. They got out at the twenty-fifth floor, right in front of Uncle Theodore's office door. Uncle Theodore was all ready to leave, and so they went right back to the elevators with him. Tom did not have a chance even to look out of the windows. He was very much disappointed, but he did not say so.



Uncle Theodore pressed a button. One of the cars stopped for them. When the door closed, Tom was surprised to find that they were going up still higher. "Where are we going?" he asked.

"We are going up to the roof. Here we are now," said Uncle Theodore.

They went through a door and out onto the roof. Tom felt as if the whole world were there for him to look at. The day was very clear. Across the blue waters of



Lake Michigan, miles and miles away, they could see land.

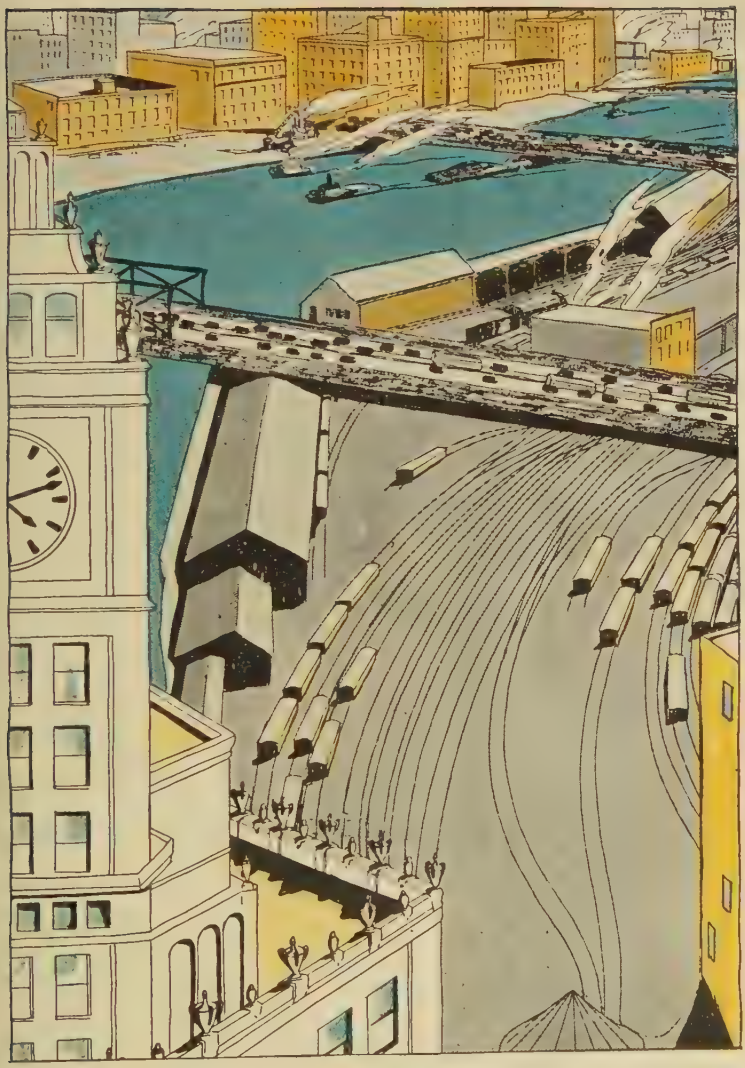
There were steamers, big and little boats, and many noisy tugs, in the lake. The bright sunlight sparkled on the water. Tom wished he were flying along in one of the beautiful boats that were sailing on the lake.

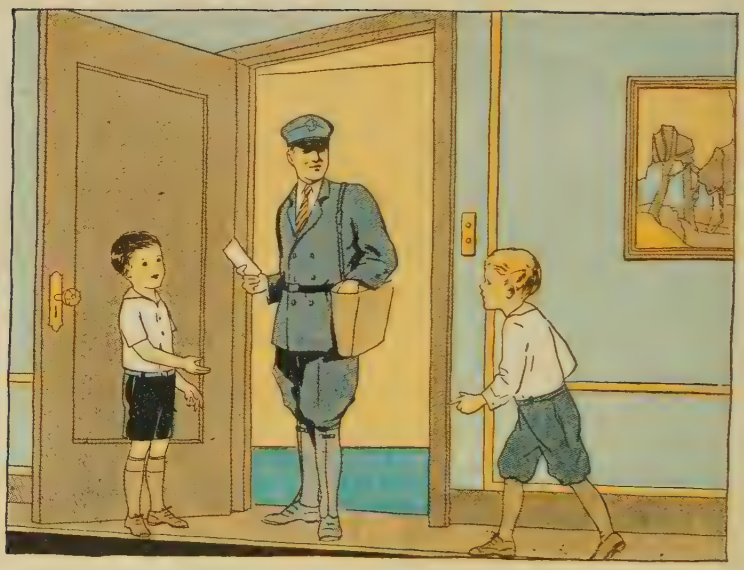
From another side of the tower they could see the parks. They looked like big

patches of green. Streets ran between the parks. The long lines of motor cars looked like long lines of little black bugs, crawling along.

Uncle Theodore told Tom how much the people liked the parks and the beaches. He said thousands of people could not take their children to the country. But they can go to these parks in about half an hour. There they can enjoy the green grass and the cool shade of the trees. They can play in the sand and swim in the lake. And they are happy to get away from the heat and the noise of the city streets.

Tom and Ted were having such a good time that they did not want to go home. But they were soon back in the elevator. They were going down, down, down, to the first floor. Then they went out on the street, got on a bus, and went home.





Home Again

All the way home Tom and Ted talked about the interesting things they had seen. And all through dinner they were still talking about the wonderful time they had had. After dinner, they listened to the radio. All at once the doorbell rang. Ted went to the front door. A postman was there and he asked whether Master Tom

Reed lived there. Tom went to the door in a hurry.

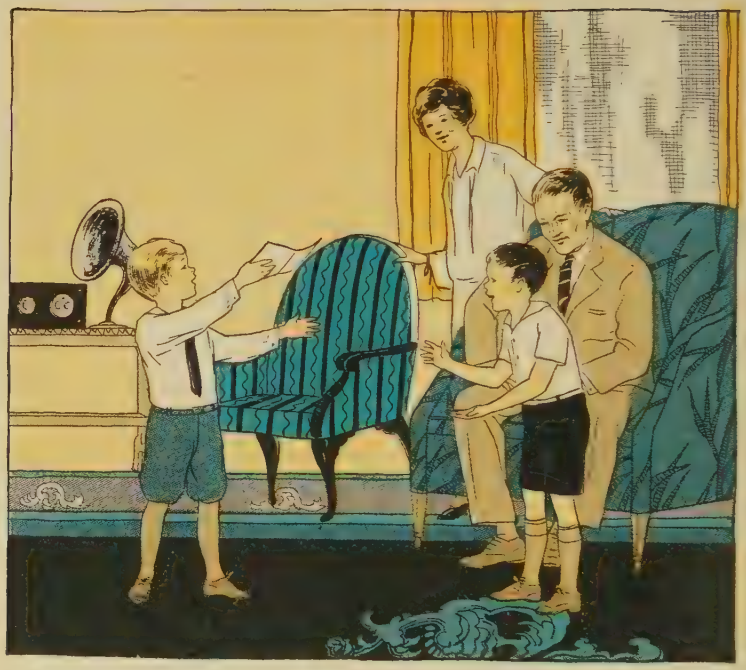
"I have a special-delivery letter for you. Sign here, please," said the postman. He handed Tom a letter. Tom wrote his name on a card. Then the postman thanked him, and went down in the elevator.

"What did he mean by 'special delivery,' Aunt Mary?" Tom asked, as he opened the letter.

"Well, you see, the postman comes to the house three times a day," said Aunt Mary. "But if someone wants a letter to go in a hurry, he puts a special-delivery stamp on it. Then a special man is sent out to deliver it at once. This costs ten cents extra."

"I think the letter is from Mother. She wanted me to get it in a hurry," said Tom.

The letter was from Tom's Mother. It



had good news in it. Tom's eyes sparkled as he read it.

"Oh, listen, Ted!" Tom shouted. "Mother wants you to come home with me, and spend two weeks in the country. You'll let him come, won't you, Aunt Mary? We'll have a great time. It will be fun going on the train

together. Please let Ted come, Aunt Mary."

Ted was just as much excited as Tom was. They buzzed round Aunt Mary and Uncle Theodore like two bees. When Ted was told that he might go, the boys began shouting and dancing around the room like Indians.

Then they began to make their plans. Uncle Theodore said he would get their tickets and Pullman car seats the day before they were to leave. Aunt Mary told Ted that he must write a letter to Tom's mother, and tell her how happy he would be to come.

So Tom and Ted went to their room and each of them wrote a letter. It took them a good while to write them, because they stopped writing so often to talk about all the wonderful things they were going to do in the country.

The Rescue

Each day of Tom's visit was a happy one. He and Ted were busy at something or other all the time.

One morning, Ted remembered that he must take his book back to the library.

The Public Library Branch was six blocks from Ted's house. The boys had not been on the streets alone. Before they started out Aunt Mary made them promise to look both ways before they crossed a street. So every time they had to cross a street, Ted and Tom waited for the policeman to give them a signal.

At the library Ted returned his book, and then went to get a new one. Tom looked in wonder at the great rows of books. He wished he might have a chance to read them all. It took Ted some time to choose a book. But at last he took one to the

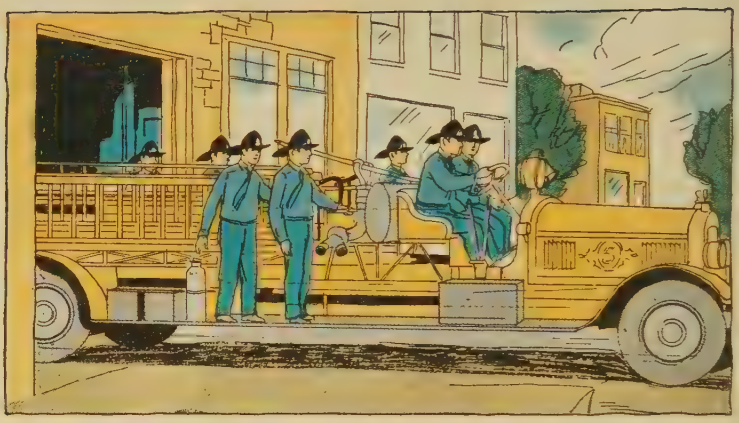
librarian, and she put the date on his card.

Ted took Tom home another way, so that they might pass the fire-engine house. One of the firemen said, "Hello, Ted," and Ted said, "Hello, Pat. May we come in?"

Pat asked them to come right in. He showed them the fire engine, and the hook-and-ladder. He told Tom how the firemen had to slide down the shiny brass poles if they were upstairs when an alarm was turned in.

"I wish an alarm would be turned in now," said Tom. It was like a wish in a fairy story, for as soon as the words were out of his mouth the gong began striking. The firemen all listened. Then one of them shouted, "That's for us."

In a second, men were sliding down the poles. The drivers jumped up to their



seats. The motors began chugging. The big engine went out of the wide door and into the street. The siren was blowing and the firemen were putting on their coats.

The hook-and-ladder truck went out right behind the fire engine. It took careful driving to get the long ladders through the door without hitting anything. Tom and Ted were very much excited. They wanted to go to the fire. But the man in charge of the engine-house told them that the fire was so many blocks away

it would probably be out before they could get there.

As they went along toward home, Ted told Tom how the firemen often had to put the long ladders against high buildings that were on fire. And also how they had to carry people on their shoulders down these ladders.

Ted had seen the firemen practice jumping from the roof of a building into a strong rope net that was held by a circle of men. Sometimes there was no other way for people to get out of a burning building.

"I don't see why you want to be a fireman, if they have to do all those dangerous things. What fun is that?" said Tom.

"Well, they don't have to do them every time, because many times there are false alarms," said Ted. "But they always get a ride on the engine. Don't you think

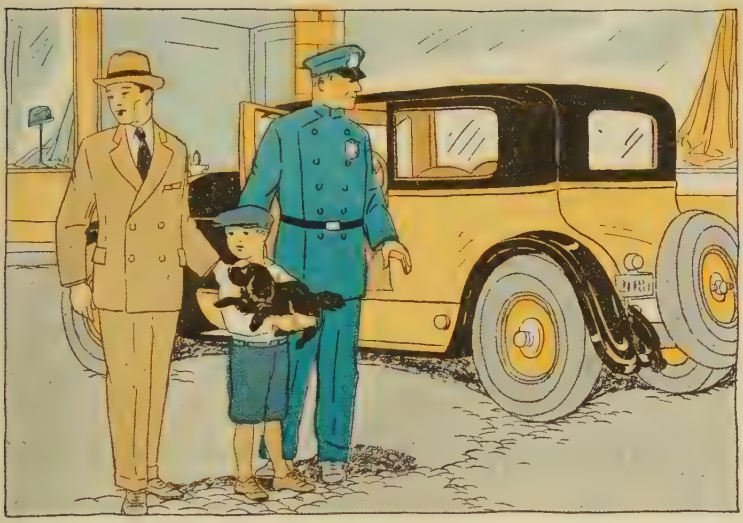
it would be fun to go driving down the street like that, and make everybody get out of the way?"

"Of course it would," said Tom, "and I think it would be fine to do the brave things, too."

"I wish we didn't have to wait till we are grown up before we can be firemen," said Ted. "People will not let boys do hardly anything."

Tom and Ted were waiting at the crossing for the cars to stop. Tom soon saw something that made him forget all about policemen, and rules, and the cars. A little black puppy ran out to the middle of the street. He ran right in the way of a big automobile.

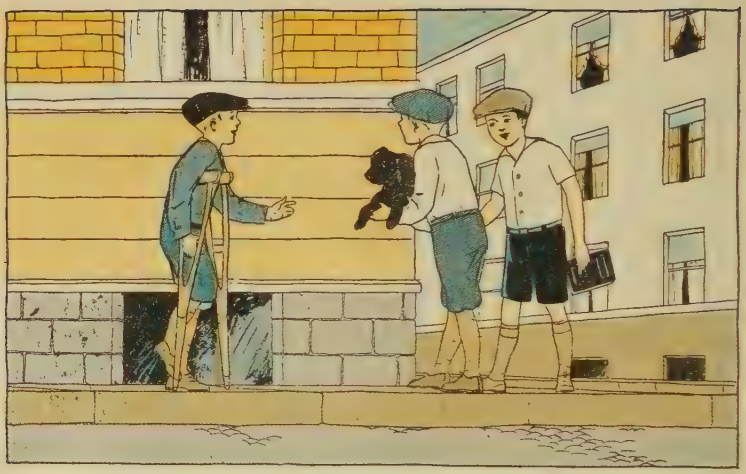
Tom ran after the puppy. He caught it up in his arms just as the car was almost on top of it. The brakes screamed. The



car stopped. At the same time Tom was lifted off his feet. He did not quite know what had happened, but the little dog was safe, and so was he. It was the big policeman who had saved them.

"Say, son," said the policeman, "don't scare me like that again. Boys are worth more than dogs. It was just a lucky chance that I saw you in time."

"I'm glad you did," said Tom. The



driver of the car said that he was very glad, too.

Then the boys and the policeman looked about for the owner of the dog. They did not have to look very far nor very long. On the sidewalk a little crippled boy was calling to them. He walked slowly on two crutches, and he was crying.

When the little puppy was brought back to him, it was not hurt at all. And the little crippled boy took the puppy and smiled.

"I think you were very brave to do that," the little crippled boy said to Tom. "If that car had run over you, maybe you would have been a cripple like me. And Curley would have been hurt or killed."

"Well, he isn't even hurt," said Tom. The policeman said that Curly must be led with a rope or a chain, so that he would not get out into the street again. Then the boys said goodbye to the little crippled boy and went home, to tell Aunt Mary about the adventure.

When Aunt Mary heard about the rescue of the little black puppy, she was very glad. She was glad that Tom had not been hurt. And she was glad that he was such a brave boy. But she felt that she could not let Tom and Ted cross the streets alone again.

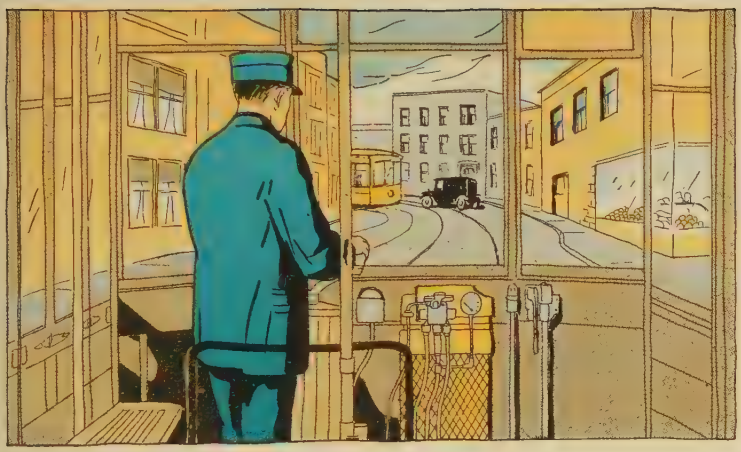
The Zoo—Part I

When Sunday afternoon came, Uncle Theodore asked Tom and Ted whether they would like to go to the park, and see the zoo. He did not have to ask twice. They were ready to go right away. Aunt Mary decided to stay at home, and write some letters. The boys wondered why she would rather write letters than see all the strange animals in the zoo. They were going to have such a good time. They were sorry to leave her at home, all alone.

Tom had never been on a street car, and he did not see what made it go. After they got on the street car they dropped the money into the conductor's box. Then Uncle Theodore told Tom about the car.

When the motorman turned one lever, the car started.

To stop the car, he turned the lever



the other way. Then he quickly turned another lever, which put on the brakes. The brakes made a noise. The car stopped so quickly that the people who were standing, swung back and forth, and bumped into one another.

Almost everyone got off the car at the park. Tom and Ted followed the people who were going into the park. They were very much excited. They wanted to do everything that anyone else was

doing. The first thing they wanted to do was to ride on the merry-go-round. Uncle Theodore said they might have a ride on it.

So Tom climbed onto the back of a giraffe. Ted got onto a black horse that had a flying mane and tail. The whistle blew. The music started. The great circle of animals with children on their backs

began to turn. It turned slowly at first. Then it turned faster and faster. Tom wished it would go on forever. But there were many other things to see and do. Uncle Theodore told the boys to hop off when the merry-go-round finally stopped.

Then they walked along toward the zoo. On the way to the zoo they passed a lake on which there were hundreds of rowboats.

Ted and Tom wanted to take a ride in one of the boats. But Uncle Theodore said it would be better to wait until after they had seen the animals. Then if there was time, they might take a little ride in a boat.

Of course Tom had seen pictures of all kinds of strange animals. He knew something about their habits, too. But when he saw real elephants, with their big gray bodies swinging back and forth, he was glad they were tied with strong chains.

The elephants flapped their great ears. They reached their long trunks toward Tom and Ted. They rolled their small eyes to see whether the boys had any peanuts for them. When Tom saw Ted give

a tiny peanut to the biggest elephant, he felt brave enough to try it himself.

The elephant's trunk had something like a finger at the end of it. Tom held out a peanut; the finger curled around it very gently. Then the long trunk took the peanut up to the elephant's pink mouth. Then the trunk reached out for more.

"I should think it would take a barrel of peanuts to fill up that big elephant," Tom said. "Don't they eat anything else?"

"Yes, they eat hay by the ton," the man told the boys, "and they think a loaf of bread is only a mouthful. They like bread better than anything else.

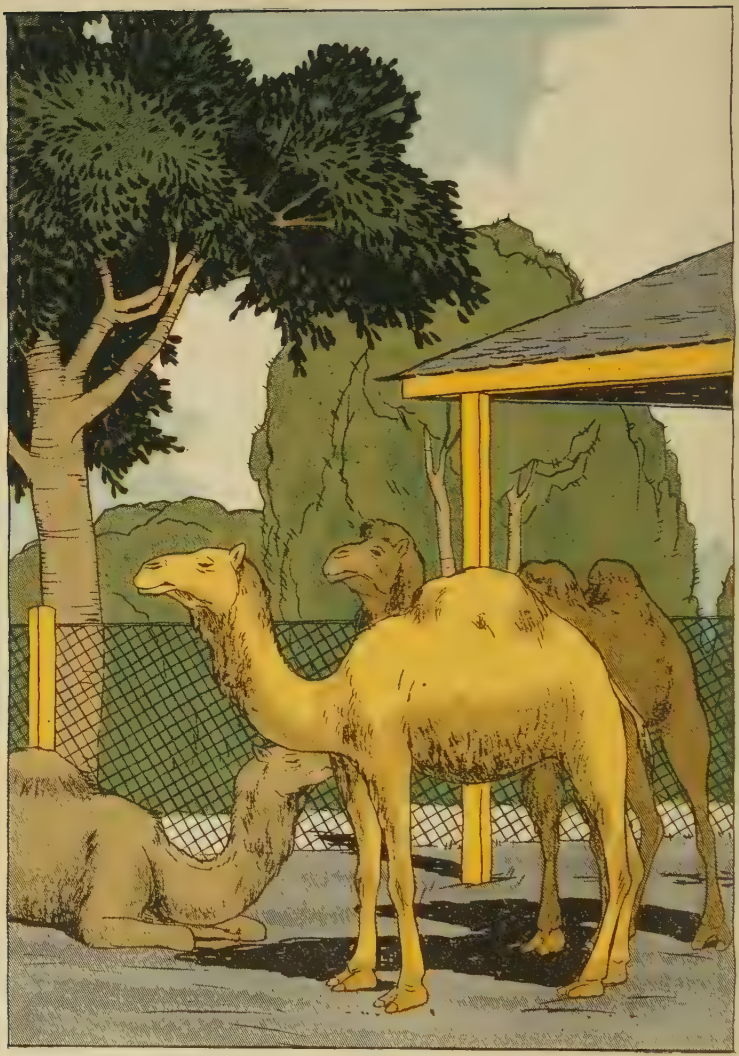
The camels were in the next place. Some of them had only one hump, and some had two.

"I could ride between those two humps just as if it were a saddle," Tom said.

"Look at the camel's feet," said Uncle Theodore. "They are broad and padded so that they will not sink into the sand when crossing the desert. They carry heavy loads tied on their backs, and they have a long swinging walk. I think that is why they are called 'ships of the desert.'"

The man who took care of the camels told Tom and Ted some strange things about them. He said that they have four stomachs, and can store enough water in them to last for several days. And this is the reason they do not get thirsty when they are crossing the hot sands, where there is no water.

He said, too, that their humps have fat in them which they can live on for some time if they have no other food. They have long thick eyelashes which shade their eyes from the bright sunlight.



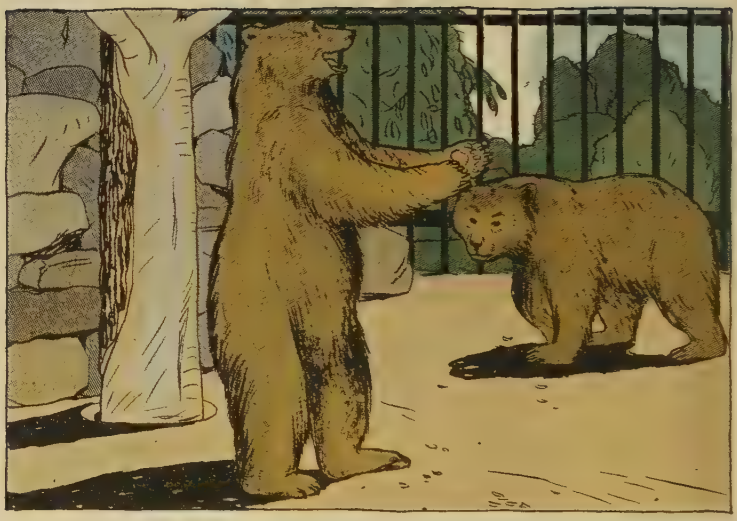
They can close their nostrils to keep the sand out when the wind sweeps it along in great clouds.

Tom would have watched the camels much longer, but there were so many more animals to be seen that Uncle Theodore said they must go on. So they went next to the bear pits, which were on the side of a hill.

Part II

There were caves in the rocks for the bears to sleep in, and trees for them to climb. Perhaps the trees and caves made the bears feel as if they were at home in the mountains. But the high iron fence, and the crowds of people looking through it were not like their mountain home.

In the different pits there were bears of all kinds. There were big and little bears, brown, yellow, black, and white bears.



Some of them seemed very jolly and friendly, and begged for peanuts. One great shaggy fellow, with a thick coat, stood on his hind feet, clapped his front paws together, and did a dance. Uncle Theodore said that this one was ten feet high.

There were two little brown bears having a great play in the pool. They were playing just like little children. It seemed to be a great joke for one of them to push

the other into the water, and try to keep him there. They splashed, and cuffed each other. And when they climbed out they shook themselves so hard that they threw water all over Tom and Ted.

The polar bears come from the country near the North Pole, where it is always cold. There was a large cake of ice in their cage. One of the bears was asleep with his head on the ice. He might have

been dreaming that he was roaming over the ice floes in the frozen north, instead of being shut up in a cage in a hot city.

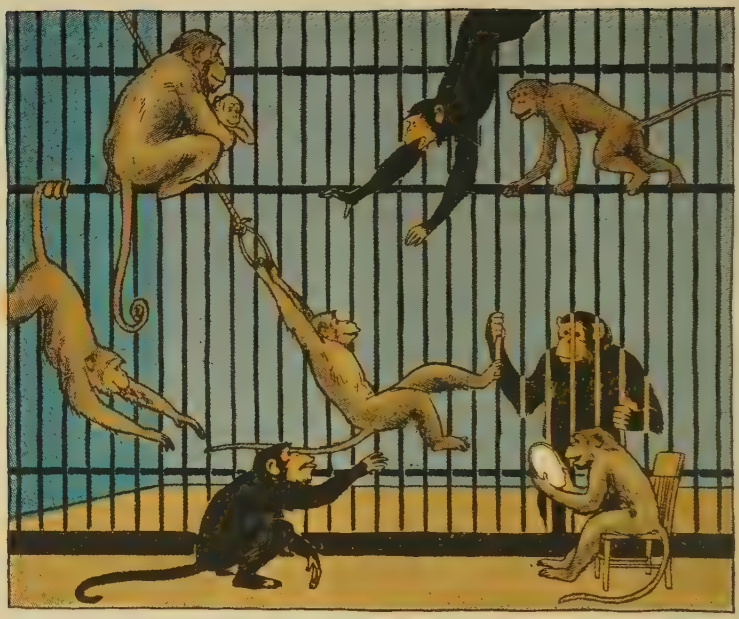
"I know why polar bears are white," said Tom. "It's so the hunters can't see them when they are crossing the snowfields. My teacher told us all about it.

"I learned that, too," said Ted. "That's why leopards and giraffes have spots on them. They live in the woods where the sunlight comes through the leaves and makes little shadows. If a leopard lies very still on the limb of a tree you can hardly tell that he's there."

As Tom and Ted talked they walked along until they came to the tank where the seals were diving and swimming. The seals could swim under water as easily as on the water. And they rolled and played as if it were great fun.

When the keeper brought fish for them to eat, they barked, and waved their flippers. They caught the fish that were thrown to them, and swallowed them at one mouthful. They crowded and pushed. Each one tried to get all the fish he could, but they were very good-natured. There was no snarling or growling. And when the meal was over, they stretched themselves out in the sunlight for a nap.

In the monkey-house there were many funny things to see. Tom and Ted would



have spent the rest of the afternoon there if they had not wanted to see so many other things, too. They thought that a great many of the things monkeys did were very much like the things some people do.

One monkey sat on a chair, and looked at himself in a small glass. Another one sat on a high perch and held a tiny baby

monkey in her arms. There were big monkeys and little monkeys all over the big cages. They leaped, and chattered, and swung by their tails. They were playing jokes on one another all the time.

Tom and Ted went to see the lions, tigers, panthers, and dozens of other animals. They went through the birdhouses. Then they were quite ready for the boat ride on the lake. Uncle Theodore enjoyed the boat ride as much as the boys did.

When they got home, they began telling about all the wonderful things they had seen. They both talked at the same time. They talked so much and so fast that Aunt Mary could hardly hear anything they said. But she did hear Tom say, "I wish I had a book that told all about wild animals."

And Ted said, "So do I."

Back to the Country—Part I

Monday was a busy day for Tom and Ted, and for Aunt Mary, too. Aunt Mary had to get Ted's clothes all ready for his two weeks' visit in the country. She had to sew on buttons, and mend stockings, if they needed mending. Boys' stockings seem to need mending pretty often.

"I can show you how to pack your suitcase," said Tom. "Mother taught me how to pack my suitcase when I came to visit you." So Aunt Mary said that when everything was ready the boys might do the packing. Tom got out his own clothes, and laid them on his own bed. He folded them neatly, ready to put into his suitcase.

Aunt Mary decided that Ted needed a few new things. So when she had finished the mending, she told Tom and Ted that they might go with her to a shop in the

neighborhood, where she could get what was needed.

Ted took his library book along, because it must be returned. It would not do to keep it out all the time he was away. They went first to the library.

Ted said to the librarian, "I am going to take out a book of animal stories the very first thing I do, when I come back home. We saw all the animals in the zoo, and I want to read about them."

They next went to the grocery store. Aunt Mary knew that Tom wanted to see the store, so she took the boys there. Tom had never smelled so many good things to eat in his life. It made him hungry. It was only two hours since he had eaten his breakfast, but he was hungry again.

The boys went with Aunt Mary from

counter to counter. She ordered all kinds of good things for lunch and dinner. She got some fruit for the boys to take on the train the next day, too.

Tom wanted to take Mother something from that wonderful store. After looking at a number of things he decided to get a box of chocolate candies. This box was tied up with a blue ribbon. Aunt Mary wanted to have the box sent home, but Tom thought it would be safer to carry it himself. So he paid for it with a bill which he took out of his pocket book. And after the clerk had wrapped up the package, Tom tucked it under his arm.

The next stop was at the department store. It was not nearly so large as the store downtown.

Aunt Mary bought some handkerchiefs, stockings, and a new hat for Ted. While

the boys were looking at some baseball gloves Aunt Mary went to another counter. When she came back, she had another package under her arm. The boys wanted

to know what was in it, but Aunt Mary only laughed and said that it would keep.

After lunch Tom gave Ted the lesson in packing. Aunt Mary looked to see that everything had been neatly put into the right place. She said that she could not have done better herself.

"You see," said Tom, "we have both left a place in the tray to put things in tomorrow morning, just before we leave."

That evening, after dinner Uncle Theodore gave the boys their railroad and Pullman car tickets. Tom put his tickets into his pocket book, and paid Uncle Theodore for them. Ted was very much pleased when his father gave him a pocket book almost like Tom's, and also some money to put into it.

The boys made good use of the radio that last evening at home. When bedtime

came, they felt that it was still very early. But they went to bed without saying anything. Aunt Mary left their door open so that they could hear the music. They heard it until they went to sleep, which was not very long.

Part II

The next morning, Uncle Theodore said goodbye to the boys right after breakfast. He was sorry that he could not take them to the train. But he had to go to his office, and he was going to be busy there all day.

He told Aunt Mary that two big boys and two big suitcases were far too much for her to manage on a bus. He said they must go to the station in a taxicab. That pleased Tom and Ted.

After Uncle Theodore had gone to his office, Aunt Mary told the boys to put

the last things into their suitcases. The boys did not forget anything. They locked their suitcases. Then they put the keys into their pockets, and carried the suitcases to the front door.

Aunt Mary telephoned for a taxi. Then they all went down in the elevator to wait for the taxi to come. Tom and Ted found their suitcases were pretty heavy to carry.

"My suitcase would not be so heavy if my raincoat were not in it," said Tom. "I did not need my raincoat at all. There has not been a single rainy day since I came to the city."

When the taxi drove up, Aunt Mary and the boys got in. The driver put the suitcases in the front of the car beside him. Then he drove to the station.

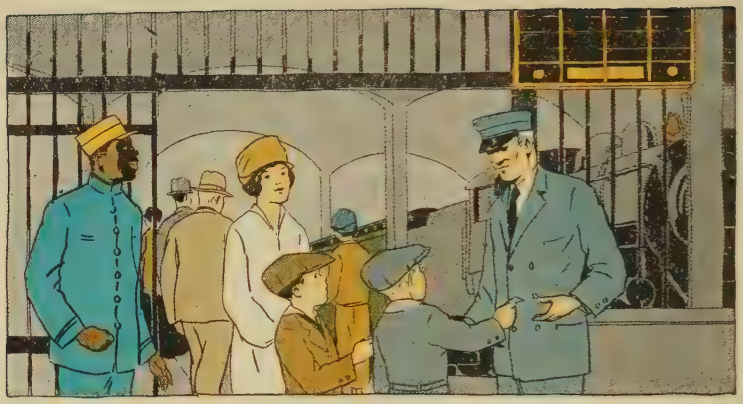
Tom and Ted thought it was great fun to have a car all to themselves. It was

more fun than being on a bus, or on an elevated train. They liked swinging in and out of the traffic. They were sorry when the ride was over.

The driver of the taxi said their fare was a dollar and ten cents. Aunt Mary paid him and then told a porter who wore a red cap to take the suitcases to the ten-thirty train.

The porter went across the crowded station. Aunt Mary and the boys followed him. He stopped at a big iron gate, which had a sign over it. The number 10:30 was on the sign. At the side of the gate there was a narrow bulletin board with a list of towns on it.

"Look, Ted," said Tom eagerly, "there's Salem on the list. The town after that is where we get off. They'll stop the train there just for us."



"Tickets, please," said the gateman. The porter set the suitcases on the floor, while Tom and Ted showed the gateman their tickets. The gateman punched Tom's ticket, and he punched Ted's ticket. Then he asked for Aunt Mary's ticket. She explained that she was not going on the train.

"Our rule is not to let anyone go through the gates without a ticket," said the gateman. "But I think these young men will be glad to have you see them off, so I will let you through."

Aunt Mary thanked him, and so did the boys. Then they followed the porter to the train, which had twelve cars. They got on car number two. This time Tom found himself in a regular Pullman, instead of a chair car.

The porter looked at Tom's Pullman ticket. Then he said, "Here you are, sir, and the other young gentleman will sit right beside you."

Tom and Ted felt as if they were being treated just like grown-up people. They felt very important as they settled themselves in the broad comfortable seat. The porter put the suitcases under the seat, and touched his cap as he left.

"It is almost time for the train to pull out," said Aunt Mary. "I must get off in a minute."

"I have had a wonderful time, Aunt

Mary," Tom said, "I'm sorry my visit is over. But I'm glad you let Ted go home with me. We'll have a lot of fun."

"I know you will," said Aunt Mary. "and I hope Ted will be as nice a visitor as you have been."

"I'll be just as good as anything, Mother," said Ted. "I promise."

Then Aunt Mary gave the boys a package.

"This package has some lunch in it," she said. "I think you will enjoy it; and here

is something else that I hope you will enjoy, too." She gave the boys another package. It was the one she had bought in the store the day before.

Then she kissed Tom and Ted goodbye, and got off the train. In a minute she was standing on the platform outside their window.

"Be a good boy, Ted, and take care of yourself," she said.

"Don't worry about Ted, Aunt Mary," said Tom. "I can tell him all about traveling."

As Tom spoke the train began to move very slowly. There was no bell ringing, and no whistle blowing. The train just moved a little faster, and a little faster, and left Aunt Mary standing there on the platform, waving her hand. Ted and Tom waved their hands until she was out of sight.

Both boys wanted to sit by the window. But at last they decided to take turns, and to change every hour. Tom thought Ted should have the first turn because he was on his first trip.

So Ted sat by the window, and Tom sat close beside him.

"I wonder what's in that other package," Tom said.

"Let's open it and see," said Ted.

So they opened it.

Then Ted said, "I think that's great."

And Tom said, "Aunt Mary knew just what we wanted, didn't she?"

It was a big book, with fine colored pictures.

On the inside of the cover of the book Aunt Mary had written, "For Tom and Ted to read on the train." The name of the book was, "Wild Animal Stories."

Wild Animal Stories

BUDDY BEAVER

Chapter I

Daddy Beaver was very busy cutting down a tree. He was cutting down a little white birch tree. It grew in the wild woods, far away from the places where people live. It grew on the bank of a river. The river ran through the wild woods. Daddy Beaver did not have an axe or a saw. But he was cutting down the little white birch tree, just the same.

He stood on his hind legs, while he was cutting down the tree. And all the time he kept looking to see that nothing should stop him. His eyes were black and shiny. They saw things quicker than a wink. He had a little black nose, too. His nose could tell him when danger was near, if his eyes had not already seen it.

The animals that live in the wild woods

need keen eyes. They need sharp ears and noses, too, to let them know of danger. They have to be looking and listening most of the time when they are not sleeping snugly at home. They have to learn to protect themselves against all kinds of enemies, and all kinds of weather.

You may think that a thick fur coat was not the best thing to wear when cutting down a tree. But Daddy Beaver wore a very thick fur coat. He wore it day and night, because it grew on him. It was so thick that it kept him all nice and warm when he swam in the cold water. And he liked to swim in the cold water.

Daddy Beaver had a queer tail. It was broad and flat. It was rounded at the end just like a paddle. And there was not a hair on it. It did not look like a tail at all, but it was very useful to him. Just now

he was using it to help hold himself up while he cut down the little white birch tree. He could use his tail as a rudder, too, when he went swimming. And his tail helped him to keep his balance when he was building a dam. Every beaver knows how to build a dam. He does not need to be taught how to do it. A dam has something to do with the way beavers live.

Daddy Beaver's little front paws were very useful to him. He could use them for doing some things almost as well as you can use your hands. He was now holding onto the little white birch tree with his paws, while he cut deeper and deeper into the tree. The pile of chips on the ground was growing larger and larger.

Daddy Beaver cut one deep V-shaped notch into the tree. Then he moved along a little, and cut another deep V-shaped notch right

next to it. He would keep on cutting in that way until he had cut a ring of notches clear round the trunk of the tree.

Daddy Beaver looked very wise, and he really was very wise. He was wise because he knew how to cut the tree in such a way that it would fall right into the water. And it would fall into the water right where he wanted it to fall. He did this by cutting the notches much lower and deeper on one side of the tree than on the other side. It would be a great help to have the tree in the water when he wanted to build the dam.

Every little while Daddy Beaver took a little rest from his work. He would look over at the dam to see Mummy Beaver who was very busy. She was busy helping build the dam. Then he went to work harder than ever before at his tree-cutting.

Do you know how Daddy Beaver could

cut down the little white birch tree, without an ax or a saw? You may have guessed how he did it. But if you have not guessd by this time, you will have to be told right here. He was cutting it down with his long sharp teeth.

Mummy Beaver looked so much like Daddy Beaver that you could hardly tell which was which. Her thick fur coat was the same color as his. She wore it all the time, because it grew on her. It kept her nice and warm when she went swimming in the river. It kept her warm there while she was in the cold water working on the dam.

Her little paws were just as useful as Daddy Beaver's, and her whiskers were just as long and shiny. But I think her bright eyes were a little sharper than his. She had so much to see to. She had her housekeeping and her family, and all her other work.

Just now, while Daddy Beaver was cutting down the little white birch tree, she was working on the dam. She put mud into the holes between the sticks and stones. She pushed and patted the mud into one hole with her little paws until the hole was all filled with mud. Then she pushed and patted mud into another hole until that was all filled. She kept on doing this until she had used up the little pile of mud on the log beside her.

Then she went into the water and swam over to the shore. There she dug up some more stiff mud. She held the mud close to her with her little paws. Then she swam back to the dam. She used her hind feet for paddles, and her broad tail for a rudder. When she reached the place where she had been working she put the mud onto the log. Then she went to work again, and put mud into

the places between the sticks and stones. She was busy pushing and patting the mud into the holes.

Every little while she took a little rest from her work. She looked up at the bank, to see how Daddy Beaver was getting along with his work. Then she went back to work on

the dam harder than ever. They were just about as busy as two beavers could be, and that is just about as busy as it is possible to be.

But they were not the only beavers that were busy. There were about thirty other beavers, just as busy as they were. Some of the beavers were putting strong sticks into the dam. The dam was getting stronger and higher day by day. Some of the beavers were going along the banks of the river. They were going for more sticks. Some beavers were swimming to the dam with sticks in their mouths. And some of them were pushing and patting mud into the holes, just as Mummy Beaver was doing. But Daddy Beaver was the only one that was cutting down a tree.

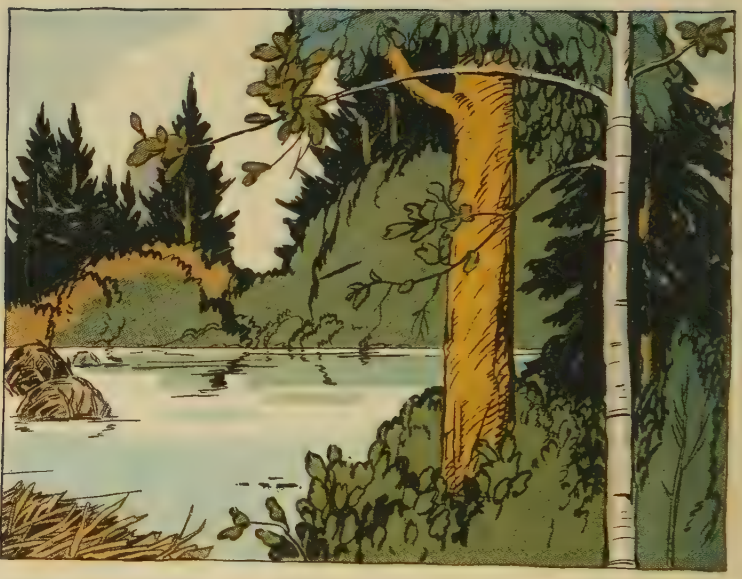
Now there was a good reason why all these beavers were so busy at this time. Spring

had come in the wild woods. When spring came they had to do a great deal of work to get ready for summer. First they had to clean house. They had to carry all the winter trash out of all the little houses. They had made their houses ready for summer. The houses were all neat and clean. And now the dam must be built.

The winter storms and ice had broken down the old dam. Some of the dam had washed away. So of course another dam must be built as soon as possible. A dam is a very important thing for a beaver to have. The beavers don't know how to live without a dam. The dam keeps the water high in the pond.

Chapter II

Daddy and Mummy Beaver, and all the other beaver families, lived in a beaver colony. A colony is just like a little village. Almost

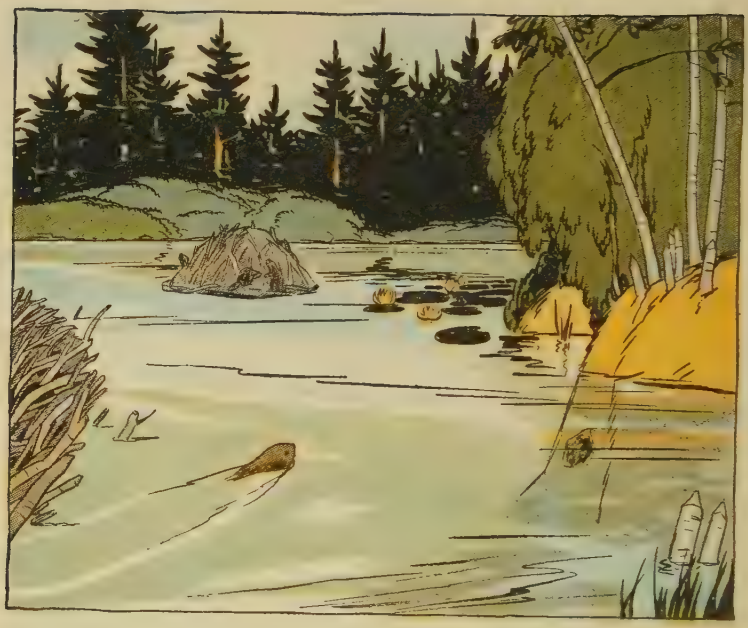


every family of beavers had a small house to itself. But there was one large house that was built on a flat rock in the middle of the river. Three families lived very comfortably together in this large house.

This large house was built of sticks and twigs. There was mud pushed and patted into the chinks, just like the dam. There were several rooms inside. It was always

snug and dry in the house because it was above high water.

Daddy and Mummy Beaver lived in a very different kind of house. It was only a little cave, which they had made under the ground. It had two rooms. The doorway



to the house was right at the edge of the river. The doorway was under the water, so that nobody but a beaver could find it. They hoped that nobody could find it, because they liked to feel safe when they were at home.

Three families lived together in the big house on the rock. All the other beaver

families in the colony lived in little houses under the ground just like the one that Mummy and Daddy Beaver lived in. Every house had a front doorway under the water. They all liked to feel safe when they were at home, and perhaps sound asleep.

When Daddy Beaver wanted to go home, he swam to a certain place in the river. Then he dived under the water, and went clear out of sight. He did not come up again. No one could see him swimming under the water as he went to his house. When Mummy Beaver wanted to go home she dived under the water, and went clear out of sight, too. She did not come up again, and no one could see her swimming under the water.

Now this is what happened when they dived under the water. They swam right into their front doorway. In a few seconds

they found that the ground was under their feet. In a few more seconds they were going along uphill in a dry tunnel. And before very long they were in their cozy home. Their home was above the water, and so it was always dry.

There was not much furniture in the house that Daddy and Mummy Beaver lived in. And there was not much furniture in the houses of the other beavers. There were piles of soft moss and leaves in the bedroom. These made warm comfortable beds. The beavers spend a good deal of time in bed during the winter so they need good beds.

There were neat little piles of food in the dining room. All the things that beavers like to eat were in these little piles. There were bits of tender birch bark, willow twigs, and dry alder buds. The piles of food had been quite large in the autumn. But during the

winter, the snow was deep on the ground, and there was no food to be found in the frozen woods. There was nothing for the Beaver family to do in the winter but stay at home and eat and sleep. So the piles of food grew smaller and smaller. The beavers really ate up the only furniture they had in their dining room. There was just about enough food left to last until spring came and the trees were green again.

Now that spring had come in the wild woods Daddy and Mummy Beaver were glad to be out-of-doors again. All the other beavers were glad, too. They liked to be out, building the dam. It was hard work, because the river was wide. The beavers built the dam so it would curve upstream. They did this so that the dam would be strong and not break down again. It was hard work to do this. But they liked work.

When the dam was finished, it would hold back the water so it would make a fine big pond. They wanted a pond. The big pond would make a fine swimming place for all the beaver families. They could cool themselves in the pond when the hot summer days came. They could not take off their thick fur coats.

New houses could be made in the banks, too, with front doorways below the water

and with dry rooms above it. All the food they liked best grew on the banks. So they did not have to go far for food. They could get willow trees, alder trees, and birch trees. The old beavers would put some of the larger branches of the trees on the bottom of the pond. The old beavers were much wiser than the young beavers were.

The old beavers knew that there would be ice on the pond when winter came. They knew that there would be no food to be found in the frozen woods. They also knew that all the food that was in the house might be eaten up. They knew that they could then swim right out of their front doorways, under the ice, and swim down to the bottom of the pond for the food that they had put there. They were very wise old beavers.

On this fine spring day Daddy Beaver was very busy cutting down a tree. He was one

of the wise beavers. Mummy Beaver was just as wise as he was. She was just as busy too, working on the dam. The beavers thought that building a dam was the most important thing to be done in the whole world.

Chapter III

But Buddy Beaver was not busy.

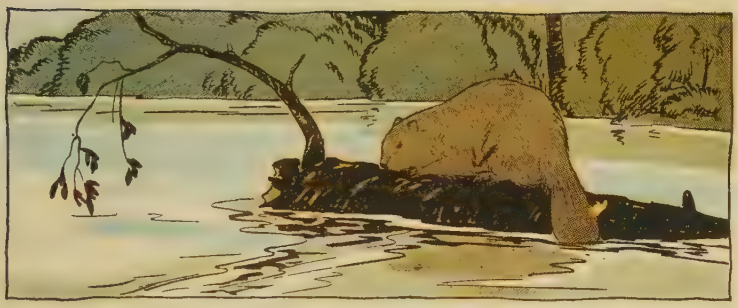
Buddy Beaver was Mummy Beaver's and Daddy Beaver's little boy beaver. He looked just like Mummy Beaver and Daddy Beaver, but he was not nearly so big as they were. He was a little beaver. He was not yet a year old. But he wore a very thick fur coat just like theirs. He had to wear it all the time, too. He had a funny flat tail, without a hair on it. It was shaped like a paddle.

His bright eyes were just as keen as his father's and mother's. His little black nose was just as sniffy. But he did not know how useful a nose can be. And he did not

know how useful bright, keen eyes can be. He had useful little paws, too, but he did not know how many useful things he could do with them. Buddy Beaver's whiskers were not so long and glossy as Daddy Beaver's whiskers and Mummy Beaver's whiskers. So he did not look so wise as they did. And he really was not nearly so wise as they were. He had to learn that there are many things a beaver must do when spring has come in the wild woods.

But Buddy did not see any reason why such a little beaver as he was should be busy, just because spring had come. He thought that this was a very good time to enjoy the warm afternoon sunshine, and the soft air, and all the nice smells of the woods.

So he stretched himself out on a little log. The log lay half in the water, and half out of the water. It was his own log, and he was



on the dry end of it, in the sunshine. The sun would not go down behind the hill for an hour or so. He wanted to enjoy the sunshine as long as he could. He thought it was great fun to lie in the sunshine.

There were two things that Buddy Beaver liked best of all things in the world to do. The first one was to eat. He liked to eat and eat, and eat. He ate the same kind of food that Daddy and Mummy ate. The second thing he liked to do was to lie on his own log in the sunshine and sleep. After he had taken his nap, there were all sorts of things round him that he could look at.

The birds were building their nests in the trees high above him. They were almost as busy as the beavers. They flew from branch to branch, carrying bits of twig and fluff to build into their nests. But sometimes they stopped long enough to sing a gay little song. The beavers didn't sing. They didn't know how to sing.

Buddy may have thought about the birds, as he lazily watched them flying back and forth over his head. If he did think of them, he probably thought they were swimming through the air. It really did look as if they were swimming. But he may not have thought about them at all. He did not seem to see the chipmunks and squirrels that were running around the roots of the trees near him. Sometimes they chased one another up the trunks of the trees. Then they ran in and out of the branches

from one side of the tree to the other. It was like a game of hide and seek.

A little way from Buddy's log, a shy deer came through the bushes to the edge of the river. The deer looked this way and that way with her soft brown eyes. She wanted to be sure that all was safe. Then she put her beautiful head down and took a long drink of the cool water. But Buddy didn't seem to see her, either. He was just about half asleep; so, of course, he was about half awake, too.

He watched Daddy Beaver with one eye. Daddy Beaver was cutting down the little white birch tree. There was a ring of chips on the ground, clear around the little tree. This showed that Daddy Beaver had almost finished making the ring of notches around the trunk.

After awhile Buddy shut that eye and

opened the other one. He watched Mummy Beaver who was busy building the dam. She was pushing and patting mud into the holes.

Then he half opened both eyes, and watched all the other beavers that were busy at their spring work. He did not see why they liked to be so busy, and work so hard when there were many comfortable logs to lie on, and be half asleep, and half awake. He was really a very lazy little fellow. His mother worried about him very much. She thought that even little beavers should not be lazy.

But just now Mummy Beaver had forgotten to worry, because she was so very busy with her work. So Buddy Beaver was free to enjoy himself in his own way. He looked around at this thing and that thing. He was too comfortable to move anything, but his eyes. By and by he happened to look

down into the clear water that splashed against his own log. He saw the shiny silver fish swimming slowly about. He saw them moving their fins and tails. He watched them for a while. Then suddenly, he became very wide awake.

He had decided to catch one of those shiny silver things. He didn't want it for food, because beavers don't eat fish. He was not hungry. His stomach was full. He just thought it would be fun to catch some of them, and it looked very easy. So he lay very still, and watched, and watched, until a big shiny fish swam right under his own log.

Then he quickly put his little paw down into the clear water. But the fish was much too quick for him. Instead of swimming slowly about the log as it had been doing, it swam as fast as it could right out of sight.

It swam so fast that it was out of his sight in a second.

Buddy Beaver was surprised. Then he was disgusted. It had looked like such a very easy thing to catch a fish. He had been very quick when he put his little paw down into the clear water, but the fish had been quicker.

Buddy Beaver was ashamed but he did not want any other beaver to know it. He wanted to show them that he did not care anything about catching the fish anyway. So he spanked the water with his tail. And when he spanked the water with his broad flat tail, the water splashed all over him. He liked that, and he liked the noise it made when he spanked the water. So he decided to do it again. It was more fun than swimming.

When Buddy Beaver spanked the water

with his tail, Mummy Beaver looked up from her work just in time to see what he was doing. Daddy Beaver was taking a little rest from his work at the same time, and he saw Buddy, too. And they both called to him in beaver talk, "Buddy Beaver, what do you mean by lying on your own log, in the sunshine, when there is so much spring

work to be done? Everybody is busy but you. Don't you know that you ought to be as busy as a beaver, just like all the rest of us?"

Buddy Beaver knew just how they felt about it because he had been told the same thing a great many times. But he did not feel the way they did about it. He wanted to do what *he* wanted to do. He did not want to do what somebody else wanted him to do. He did not want to do what somebody told him to do. He was very happy and comfortable on his own log. He was happy doing just what he wanted to do. He was very happy to do nothing at all.

Chapter IV

Just then the little white birch tree that Daddy Beaver had been cutting, shook from top to bottom. Then it began to move. Buddy saw it. He wondered what was going

to happen. He opened his eyes very wide and watched it as it moved more and more. Then he saw the tree fall. It fell, with a big splash, into the river, and it fell right where Daddy Beaver wanted it to fall.

As soon as the tree fell into the water, Daddy Beaver went into the water with a splash, and began to swim slowly toward the dam. He pushed the little white birch tree in front of him with his little black nose.

It was a very heavy load for him, but he did not ask the other beavers to help him; he knew just how to do it, and thought he could do it alone.

He steered it with his little paws. He paddled with his hind feet, and used his broad flat tail as a rudder to help him get the tree to the dam.

Suddenly Buddy Beaver rolled off of his own log right into the river, with a tiny little

splash. He rolled off his log so quick that he hardly knew just what he was doing. The cold water made him more wide awake than ever. He swam right over to the little white birch tree, and began to help push it toward the dam with his little black nose, just as Daddy Beaver was doing. He paddled with his little paws, and used his broad flat tail as a rudder, too, just as Daddy Beaver was doing.

Mummy Beaver stopped pushing and patting mud into the holes of the dam long enough to see what they were doing. She was very glad that Buddy had found out that there is work to do in the spring. She was glad he had begun to work instead of lying on his own log, and doing nothing at all.

Daddy Beaver wanted to take the tree to a place in the dam where it was needed most.

It was hard work to get it there. It took a great deal of pushing and pulling to get it there. But he pushed and pulled until he got it in the right place. And then it took more pushing and pulling to get it firmly fixed in place in the dam so that it would stay there.

So Daddy Beaver pushed and pulled, and pushed and pulled, until he was almost out of breath. And Buddy Beaver pushed and pulled and pushed and pulled, until he was all out of breath. He was not used to working so hard. But the more he worked the more he liked it. After he had helped Daddy Beaver put the little white birch tree into the dam, he was as happy about it as Daddy was. He was now ready to help Daddy Beaver again as soon as he had had a little rest.

By the time the sun had gone down, and

the day's work was over, Buddy Beaver thought that it was good fun to be as busy as a beaver. He thought it was better than to be lying on his own log, and never doing anything useful. He thought it was fun to push and pull the little white birch tree about in the water until it was put into the right place in the dam. And he thought that pushing and patting mud into the holes of the dam with Mummy Beaver was just as much fun as making mud pies. Buddy Beaver was going to be as good a worker as any other beaver. But he had to grow up a little bit, before he found it out.

If he worked very hard it would be all right for him to rest. Daddy and Mummy would not want him to work hard all the time. He could take his rests on his own log, in the sunshine, with nothing to do but look round and see what was going on in

the world. There was a great deal to be seen in the world. Daddy Beaver and Mummy Beaver would not want him to work all the time. They would want him to rest some, but he must work hard while he was working.

Then Buddy Beaver thought about the fish. He was sure that he did not want to look at them again. He had made up his mind never to try to catch one again. If they wanted to swim slowly about in the water, under his own log, and look easy to catch, they could do it. He did not care. Why should he try to catch them? And why should any beaver want to catch a fish, anyway? There were too many other things in his life now. He had no time to see such a small thing as a fish. Beavers do not eat fish, so why try to catch them?

When supper time came, Daddy Beaver swam to a place in the river near the bank.

He went under the water, clear out of sight. Buddy Beaver swam along behind him. And when he came to the same place, he went under the water, clear out of sight, too. Mummy Beaver swam behind Buddy, and did the same thing, at the same place. And that was the end of them as far as your eyes could tell.

But Daddy Beaver swam right into his front doorway. Then he went along uphill in

a little tunnel. And in a minute he was in his dry, cozy house. Buddy Beaver swam into the front doorway right behind him and went along the tunnel in the same way, and got home half a minute later. And of course Mummy Beaver did the same thing, in the same way, and she got to the same place, half a minute behind Buddy.

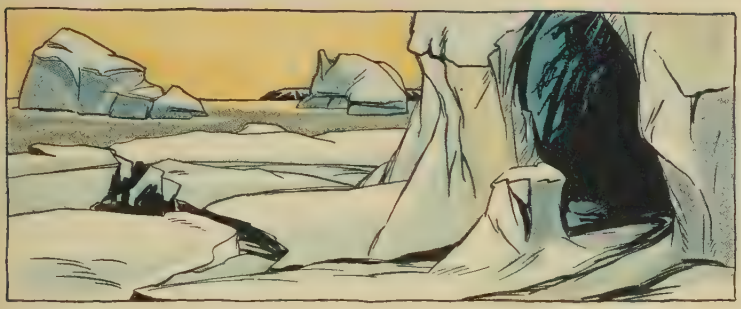
While they were eating supper, Buddy Beaver had a good deal to say about the new things he had found out that day. He was still surprised to think that work could be such good fun. But he seemed to have something else on his mind. There was something he wanted to know. He wanted to ask a question, but he was almost ashamed to ask it. By and by he asked the question. But he asked it as if the answer was not very important.

"Mummy," he said, "did you ever try to

catch one of those shiny silver things that swim round in the water near the dam?"

"Do you mean fish? Certainly not. Beavers never catch fish," said Mummy Beaver, very much surprised.

"That's what I thought," said Buddy. He did not want Mummy Beaver to know why he had asked such a foolish question. So he curled up and went to sleep.



Ursa Minor

Chapter I

Once there were two polar bears. They lived up North where it is very cold. The two polar bears lived in a nice warm ice cave. The cave was not what *we* should call warm. But the bears liked it and were very happy in it. When the cold North wind blew it was nice to be in the cave. The bears thought they had a very pleasant home.

Mrs. Bear's name was Ursula, and Mr. Bear's name was Ursa Major. Ursula and the Major looked very much alike. They looked so much alike, that when one of them

came to the mouth of the cave alone, it was hard to tell which one of them it was.

Their long bodies each had a large hump of fat on the shoulder. Each of them had a short stubby tail, which was not much to look at. But it was very useful, as you will see. Their heads were long and flat. Their very small ears were set so far back that they seemed to be part of their necks. And their necks were nearly two times as long as the necks of some other bears.

They had very sharp, black eyes, that were far apart, so that they could see all round about them. And their long snouts were pointed and had a black button of a nose at the end. You can see that the bears were well made for diving.

Ursula and the Major were perfectly made for the kind of a life they had to live, and for the kind of a place in which they had to

live. Their feet were padded with such thick cushions of fur, that the ice could not cut nor freeze them. Their thick, furry coats kept them warm in the coldest weather. They had thick, oily skin under their fur. This was a great help to them because they were in the water much of the time. They got most of their food from the sea.

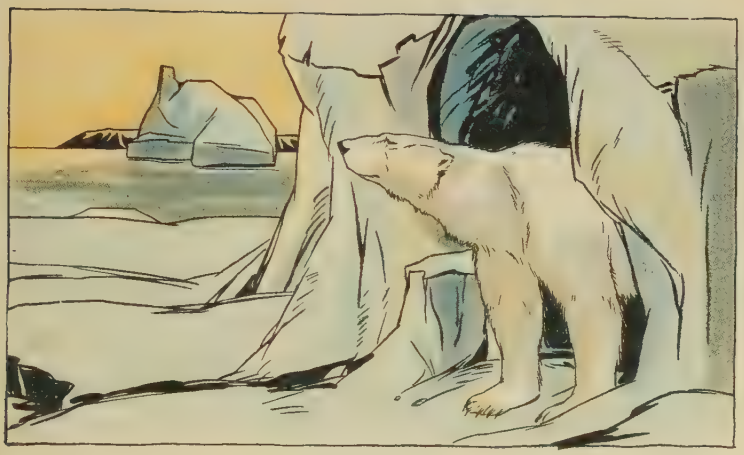
It was a good thing that they were white for they could not be seen from far away against the background of ice and snow. This made them safe from their enemies. They were not afraid of anything, but they did not like to be surprised.

Ursula and the Major liked to go swimming and hunting together very much. But for three or four months they had not been going out together. They went out alone. One of them always stayed at home, while the other went hunting or fishing. This was not

because they had quarrelled. It was because they had a secret in the cave, and that secret must be cared for.

Something happened one day in summer. It was their kind of summer day. It was the only kind of summer they ever had. The ice fields were just as cold as in the winter time. The sea was just as cold and green. There were just as many big cakes of ice floating on it. But the sun was red and looked warm and friendly.

Ursula went to the door of the cave and stood there a long time. Her keen eyes looked this way and that way, far and wide. She sniffed the sharp air for smells that might mean danger. She was not afraid of anything for herself, but there was a good reason why she must be very careful. At last she knew what to do, and she went back into the cave.



"Major," she said, "I think everything is all right, and the right time has come."

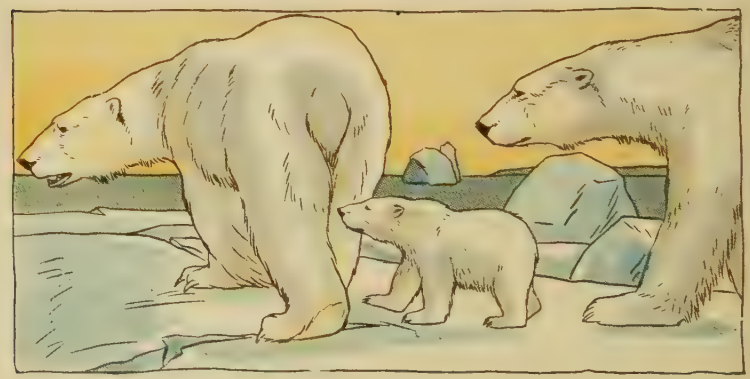
So the Major went to the front door, and looked far and wide with his keen eyes, just as Ursula had done. He sniffed the air, just as she had done, too. Then he called back over his shoulder, "You're quite right, my dear. It is a fine day, so come along."

Chapter II

In a minute or two Ursa Major came out of the cave. He went out onto the great

ice plain, shlip-shlop, shlip-shlop. Then Ursula came out of the cave behind him, shlip-shlop, shlip-shlop. Their great bodies, and the large humps of fat on their shoulders shook as they walked. Their shaggy coats looked very white in the sunshine. Their keen eyes were ready to see any danger that might come near them. On and on they came.

There was something walking between them. He wore a little white fur coat. He went shlip-shlop, too. His small body and the little hump of fat on his shoulders shook



as he walked along. His little black button of a nose sniffed all the new smells out in the big world. His shiny eyes saw many, many new things.

He was the secret that Ursula and the Major had been hiding so carefully in their nice warm ice cave. They wanted to keep him at home until he was strong and brave enough to go out to see the cold world. His name was Ursa Minor.

The bears told Ursa Minor all the things he must do. They told him all the things he must not do. They told him to remember those things if he wished to keep out of trouble. They told him that curiosity was the worst thing of all. They told him that it was not the least bit safe for a little polar bear to be curious. They forgot to tell him that it was not safe for a big polar bear to be curious. But he found that out later.

By and by his mother said, "Now, Minor, come over here to the edge of the ice floe. I will give you your first lesson. I will show you what a polar bear should know how to do." So the three of them went over to the edge of the ice. Minor looked down and down into the green ocean for the first time in his little life.

"What are those funny things flying around down there in the green sky?" he asked.

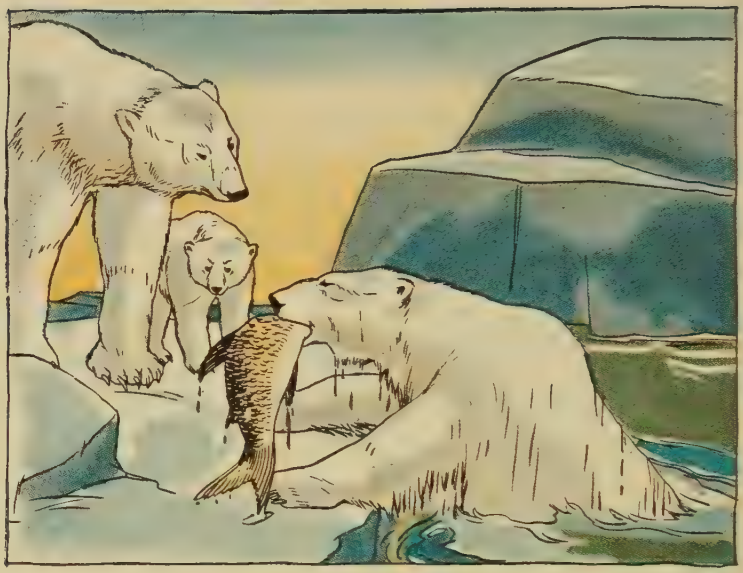
"That is not the sky, that is the sea," his mother said. "The sky is that blue thing way up above us. The sky is where the cold white feathers come from. Have you forgotten everything I have told you about the world? I told you many things about the world before I brought you out to show it to you."

"Well, I get all mixed up," said Ursa

Minor. "There's so much of the world. And I *should* like to know what those funny things are."

"Just wait, and I will show you," his mother replied. "Keep your eye on the baby, Major." Then she climbed onto a little ice hill, and looked down into the clear green water. She stood as still as the ice itself. Minor watched her all the time. He wondered what she was going to do. His father kept a keen eye on him, to see that nothing should hurt him.

Suddenly Ursula dived from the little ice hill into the green water. She went almost without making a splash. Minor saw her going down and down. It was very strange and it frightened him. He began to cry. Then, like a flash, she turned and came up so that Minor could see her. Minor thought that she was climbing up through the sea.



And she really was. We call it swimming. And she had one of the shiny things in her mouth.

When Ursula came to the edge of the ice floe, she dug her long, strong claws into the ice. Then she pulled herself out of the water with a big lunge. Then she gave herself such a shake, that she covered Minor with ice water. He thought that was not very polite,

but he did not say so. He was looking at the shiny thing that Ursula had dropped at his feet.

"Now, do you know what that is?" she asked. "I told you all about it before we left home."

"I think it's a whale," said Minor.

"It is a fish, Minor," whispered the Major, before Ursula had time to scold Minor.

"Fish, I mean," Minor said quickly.

"You are quite right," said his mother. "Now we will go home to dinner." So she picked up the big fish, and led the way back to the cave. Ursa Minor went close at her heels. The Major followed along behind Minor. He was looking to right and left, to see that nothing should hurt his little son.

Chapter III

The next day, the bear family started out in just the same way as they had started out

the day before. But this time, Ursa Minor was not *quite* so surprised at everything out in the big world. He felt more sure of himself. He looked about sharply, just as he saw his mother and father do. And he held up his black button of a nose, sniffing all the smells.

He tried to make as big a noise with his little padded paws as his mother and father made with their big ones. But he could not do that because he was only a baby. He had to take many more steps than they did, in order to keep up with them. But he didn't make half so much noise. He was sorry not to make more noise.

When they reached the edge of the great ice floe, Minor looked down and down into the clear green water. Then he proudly said, "Those funny things in the green sea are fish."

"You have remembered your first day's lesson very well," said his mother. "Now for your second day's lesson you must learn to swim."

"I don't like swimming," said Ursa Minor.

"How do you know you don't like it, when you have never tried?" Ursula asked.

"Well, it looks so wet and green," said Ursa Minor. "I'd rather go home to our nice warm cave."

Ursula sat down on the ice and put up her paw and said, "Now listen, Minor. I want you to listen to what I tell you, because you are going into the water today. Swimming is just as easy as walking. All you have to do is push the water behind you with your paws, just as you saw me do yesterday. But if you should go under, don't forget to hold your breath."

Then Ursula slid off the ice, into the water, and swam about easily. "Now, come on," she said, smiling at her small son. But instead of following his mother, Ursa Minor backed away from the edge of the ice, and said, "I'd rather stay here."

"Very well, then, we'll leave you here," said Ursula. "Come on in, Major. We'll leave Minor on shore if he likes it so well."

Now the Major did not like to leave the little fellow behind, but he knew that it would teach him a useful lesson. So, in he went head first. He swam around with his wife, and all the time they kept going farther and farther from the ice floe.

Poor little Minor shivered and shook. He was sure that his father and mother were going away, and that he would be left all alone in the big, cold world of ice and snow. So he came a little closer and

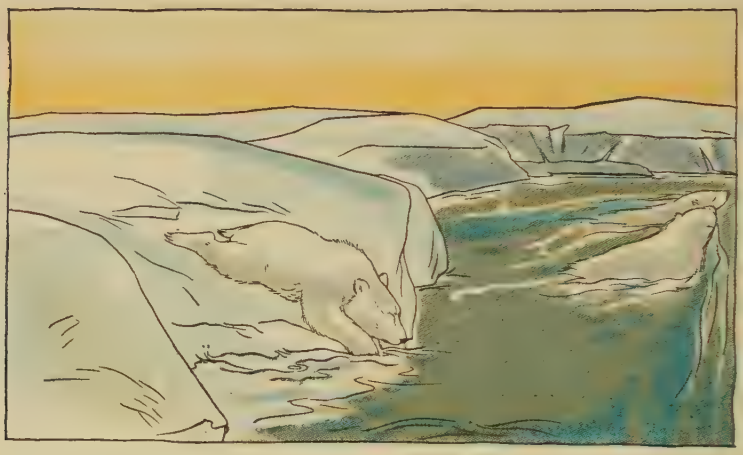
a little closer to the edge of the ice. At last he put one of his furry paws into the water, but he quickly jerked it out again.

"I don't want to get all wet. Please come back, and I promise to go swimming tomorrow," he cried.

"Not at all," said his mother, as she swam a little farther away from him. "I said the lesson today was to be swimming, and this is today. Come along, Major. Let's swim over to that fine iceberg," and off they started.

The frightened little baby bear watched them. Then he made up his mind that he would rather get as wet as water could make him than be left there alone. So he laid down on the ice *very* flat. He shut his eyes *very* tight. He held his breath *very* hard. And then he slid into the cold wet water.

The feeling was so surprising that he



opened his eyes as wide as they would open. He looked round in a great hurry to see where his father and mother were. When he saw them, he made his little paws walk through the water just as fast as ever he could. And he caught up with his parents very soon. They were really waiting for him, and were watching to see that he did not get into any trouble.

"Is *that* swimming?" asked Minor, as he tried to get his breath.

"That is very good swimming for the first time," his mother said proudly. "Now catch hold of my tail, and I'll take you for a ride."

So Ursa Minor took a strong hold on his mother's short, stubby tail, and swam very fast as she swam in great circles. He thought it was very great fun. And when she said it was time to get out of the water, he did not feel at all ready to get out.

But Ursula swam straight toward the edge of their own ice floe. When they reached it, Ursa Major took Ursa Minor by the back of his neck with his long, sharp teeth, but not so hard that it hurt him. He lifted him up onto the ice. Then Ursula and the Major climbed out, and shook themselves. As they shook themselves the water flew everywhere. So Minor shook himself, too. As he shook himself

the water flew everywhere. And it seemed to him as if he had been swimming all his life.

Chapter IV

Each day Ursa Minor learned new lessons. But he had not yet learned to catch one of the funny things that lived in the green sea. In the first place, he made too much of a splash when he dived. And in the second place, he could not swim fast enough. But he was not going to give up trying to catch them.

One morning, when the bear family was starting out, the Major stopped beside the front door, and said, "Ursula, my dear, there are some old friends of mine over Iceland way that I haven't seen for a long time. If you don't mind, I think I'll just go over there today. Minor is getting to be such a big boy that I am sure

you will have no trouble looking after him by yourself. And I'll bring you a nice present when I come home."

"Of course, the baby and I can get along alone," said Ursula. So the Major said goodbye to them. Then Ursula and Minor swam out to a fine iceberg, and spread themselves out to dry in the sunshine.

After awhile Ursula saw something she had never seen before. At first, she thought it was a new kind of iceberg coming toward them, because it was so tall and white. Then she thought it must be some strange bird, because it had big wings. But it was a thousand times as large as any bird she had ever seen. She sat down on the ice to get a good look at it. She was very curious about it.

She forgot all about what she had told Ursa Minor, about the trouble that curiosity

was likely to get bears into. So Ursula said, "Come on, Minor. Let's go and see what kind of a big bird that is. You take hold of my tail, so we can go faster."

Into the water they went. Minor took hold of his mother's short, stubby tail with his sharp, little teeth. And then Ursula swam as fast as she could toward the strange thing. Minor liked his swift ride through the cold water. But the closer they got to the great thing that looked like a bird, Ursula was less sure what it might be. And she wanted to know what it really was.

The great thing that looked so much like a bird was really a ship. And it had sailed up into that cold part of the sea because the men wanted to see icebergs. They wanted to find out whether there is any land around the North Pole, too.

And they were very much interested in the birds and animals that could live the whole year round in that very cold country.

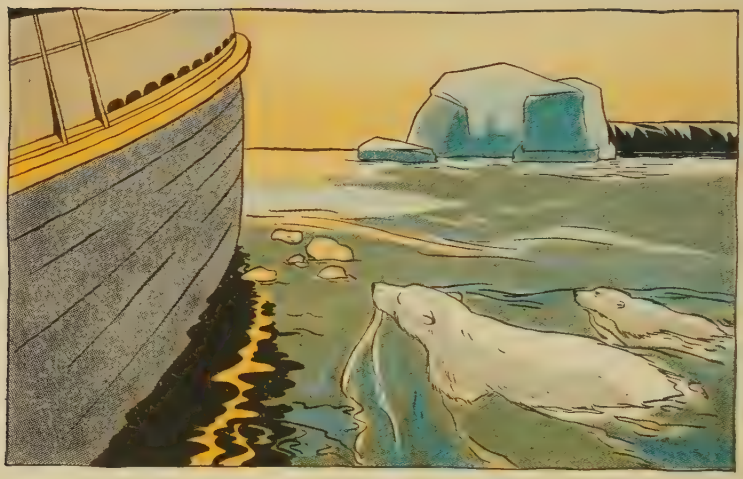
The men on the ship were all the time looking for strange things and happenings. They had been looking at the great iceberg through their telescopes. Then they saw the great white bear and the baby bear dive into the water. They saw them swim right toward them. The baby bear was holding on to his mother's tail, and making his little paws walk through the water as fast as he could. The men were very much excited.

The captain told his men to get moving pictures of the bears. So the camera man cranked for twenty minutes without stopping. He didn't want to miss anything that was happening. The captain then told the sailors to get a big net. He told

them to catch the baby bear in the net, if he got near enough and take him on the ship. He wanted him because he thought the baby bear would make a fine pet for his ship.

Ursula was not afraid of anything. But as she had never before seen a man, she did not know of the danger she and Ursa Minor were going into. She only wanted to know more and more what the great thing that looked like a bird really was. So she swam right up to the side of the ship. She looked and looked. But still she could not guess what it really was.

Then a sailor threw some big pieces of blubber out on the water to her. He knew that polar bears like blubber. And he thought it might make the baby let go of his mother's tail. And Minor really did let go of his mother's tail.



Ursula and Minor saw the pieces of blubber in the water near them. They smelled it.

"It's lovely fat blubber," they said to each other, and then each of them swam to get a piece of it.

The sailors waited until Minor swam about thirty feet away from his mother. Then they threw out the heavy net. The poor little bear found himself all tangled up in it. He was quickly pulled on board,

and he was struggling and crying all the time.

Not one of the men wished to hurt him. They wanted to make a pet of him. They wanted him to live with them on the ship. They wanted to give him everything to make him happy. But Minor was afraid. He did not like to be on the boat. He did not want to be a pet. He felt all fierce and cross. The only thing he wanted was to get back to his mother. And he wanted to get back to her right away.

Chapter V

Ursula was very angry. She wondered how she could get Minor back to her. She looked up at the big boat. It was so high above her! She saw strange looking creatures move about on it. She knew that Minor was in danger. She cried and called to her frightened baby.

But that did no good. So she swam away from the ship. Then she turned, and with a great rush, swam right straight at it, and tried to climb up the boat. She tried again and again to climb the boat. She got half way up, and then fell back. She got half way up the side again. Then she fell back into the water again. She cried with anger.

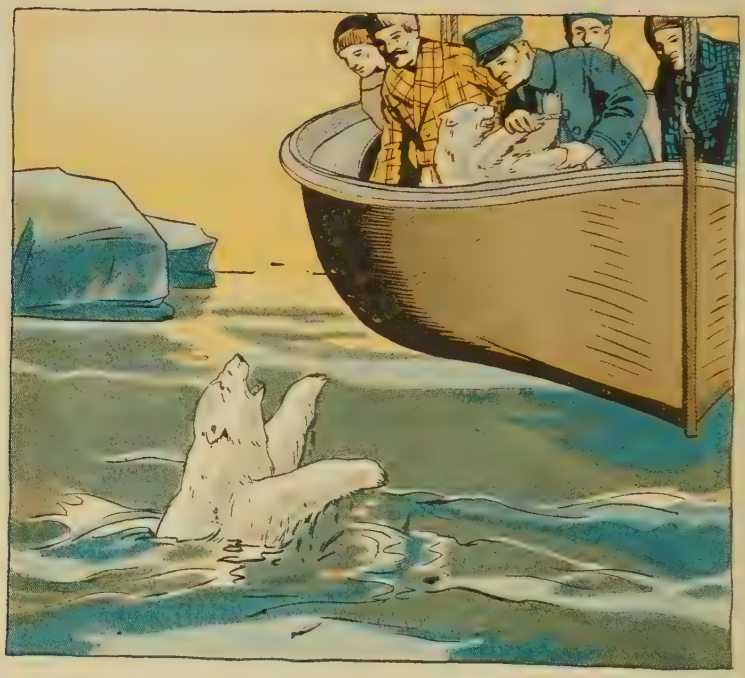
Poor little Minor could hear her all this time. He cried and cried. Then he began to fight. He tried hard to get away from the men. He wanted to get to the edge of the boat and jump into the water. He wanted to get back to his mother. He was sure that if he could only get to his mother, she would do the rest, and get him safely home.

For ten minutes the man watched the brave mother bear try to get her baby.

He thought that her bravery was one of the finest things he had ever seen. And he watched the frightened little baby bear. He thought the little baby was brave in his baby way. He saw him trying his best to get away from the men who were so much bigger and stronger than he was. There were ten big men against one little bear.

Then the man said, "Stop, boys. This is not a fair game at all. We don't want to steal a baby bear from such a mother as this one is. She is half drowned, but she will never give up as long as she has a breath left in her body. And we don't want to make this poor little fellow so unhappy. It's a mean thing to do. Put one of the small life boats into the water."

The men thought that was the right thing to do. So they put the little bear



into one of the small boats. Then the men got into the boat. The men all sat still while one of them held on to the little bear. Poor little Minor was still trying to get free of the rope that was tied around his legs. Then the boat was slowly let down into the sea.

When Ursula saw the boat coming, she stood up in the water and tried hard to get to her baby. She was not afraid of the five men who were in the boat. She wanted to get her baby, no matter what happened to herself.

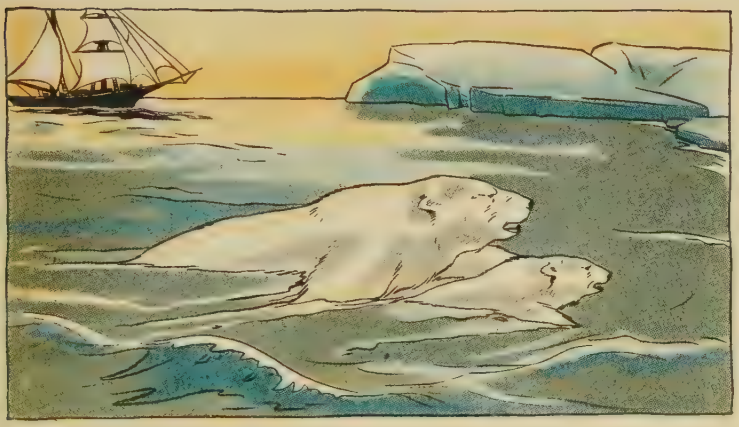
The life boat was soon very near the water. Then the captain shouted "Hold her!" Ursula rushed at the life boat again and again, growling, snarling, and howling fiercely. And Ursa Minor did his best to get to her. His teeth and claws were both sharp. The men were having a hard time to get the rope off without getting badly scratched and bitten.

At last the man got a good hold of Minor by the back of his neck and his stubby little tail. Then a sailor cut the rope. The captain called "Let him go!" and the little bear was dropped into the

water. Ursula rushed toward him as he fell, and called to him.

The minute Minor touched the water, he swam as fast as he could until he got to his mother. He got hold of his mother's stubby little tail. He hung to her tail for dear life. And what do you suppose Ursula did? She reached around with her great paw, and pushed him away. Then she turned around in the water to keep him from catching hold of her tail again. The men on the ship were surprised at this. They could not see why she did it.

Minor thought that his only safe way was to hang to his mother's tail. He tried to get hold of it again and again. But Ursula did not want him to do that. So she cuffed his ears hard because she told him not to do it, and he did not mind.



The sailors laughed at her, but she knew very well what she was doing.

Ursula was trying to get the little bear between her front legs. At last she did get him there, and she held him right against her breast. Then she swam as fast as she could away from the ship. She wanted Minor to be in front of her so she could take good care of him. She did not think of herself at all.

Ursula was tired after her long fight. But she kept right on swimming as fast

as she could swim until she reached the edge of her own ice floe. She helped the tired little bear to get out of the water. Then she pulled herself up onto the ice and dropped down on the ice by the side of her baby.

Ursula kept looking at the bad thing that looked like a big bird. She wanted to get Ursa Minor far away from it. So she made the little bear stand up. Then she made him go ahead of her. Then she started off for their cave. But she stopped many times on the way to the cave to look back at the bad thing that looked so much like a big bird. At last she reached the cave.

The captain watched the brave mother and her baby swim to their ice floe. Then he said to his men, "I have never seen any animal fight harder than that mother

bear did to get her baby. I hope those two bears will never be caught, and put into a zoo."

Ursula and Minor had never heard of a zoo, but they certainly did not want to be caught. They wanted to live in their nice warm ice cave, and be free to do what they wanted to do.

When they got near to their cave, they saw the Major at the front door. He had been looking and looking for them. As soon as he saw Ursula and Minor coming home he went to meet them in a great hurry.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I'm glad to see that you and Minor are safe at home again. I feared something had happened to you. I met a friend and he told me there is a strange terrible THING swimming around in our sea. He said that it

would be best for us to stay at home for awhile."

"It *got* me," said Minor, in a squeaky little voice, "and I had to fight a lot of big two-legged things to get away."

"Come into the house," said Ursula, going into the cave ahead of them, "and I'll tell you what happened. We are lucky to be here."

So when they were safe in the back part of the cave, Ursula told the Major how the men had caught Minor and then had let him go. Ursula said that she would not be so curious again. Poor little Minor did not say much. But he had learned a very useful lesson about the trouble bears can get into. It was a lesson that he would remember all the rest of his life. He would remember it until he got to be an old grandfather bear, and told the story to his grandchildren.

PARK ENTRANCE